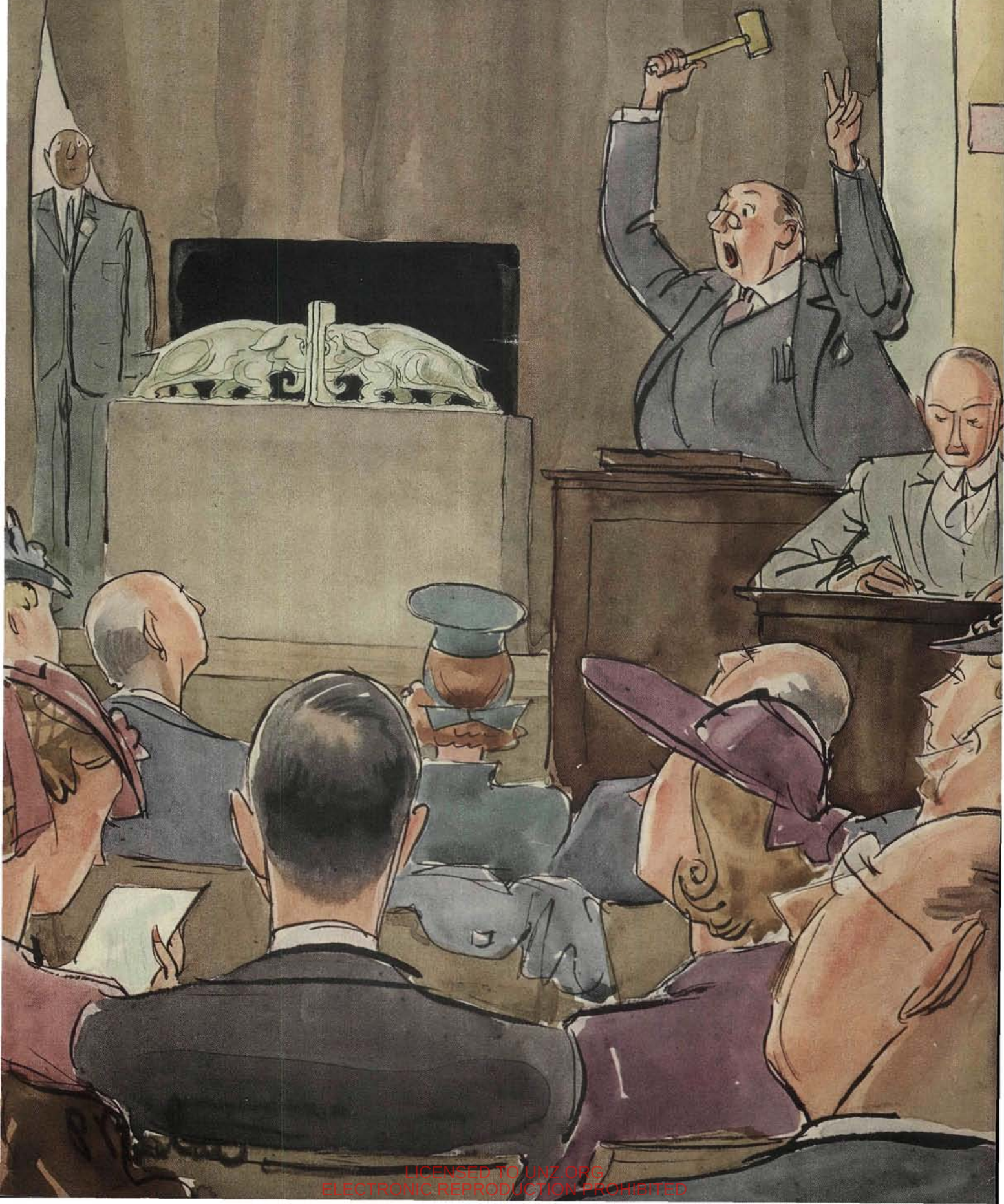


★ Mar. 28, 1942

THE

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NEW YORKER





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FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 29, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

CAFÉ CROWN—A comedy dealing with a celebrated restaurant and the Yiddish theatre. Rather slight and special for the general public. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are in it. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A rather exciting play about a young woman who doesn't know her own strength. With Mary Anderson, Leon Ames, and Louise Campbell. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JASON—Samson Raphaelson presents his compliments to the dramatic critics in a rather uneven play about one of them. Lee J. Cobb has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

JOHNNY 2 x 4—A speakeasy melodrama firmly recommended to all old lawbreakers. Howard Bay's set is superb and an enormous cast includes Jack Arthur, Barry Sullivan, Evelyn Wyckoff, and the Yacht Club Boys. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. George Kaufman's direction is magnificent. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

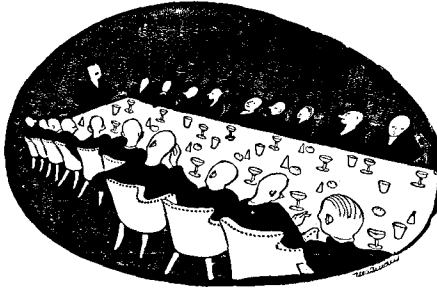
SPRING AGAIN—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BANJO EYES—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." His assistants include Lionel Stander and the De Marcoss. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—Some lovely skating which starts



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

off by being quite exciting but which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except March 26, and Sat.; also Sun. at 3.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Thurs. through Sat., March 26-28, at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat., March 28. No performances Mon. through Sat., March 30-April 4.)

LET'S FACE IT!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OF V WE SING—A semi-professional revue containing a lot of nice children but not quite enough talent. (Concert, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat. and Sun.)

PORGY AND BESS—A superior revival of the Gerishwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—If you liked the old Palace, you should admire this vaudeville show, which contains everything except the trained seals. On the current bill are Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Hazel Scott, and Paul Draper. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sun. at 5:30.)

SONS O' FUN—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm is strictly for those who admired "Hellzapoppin." Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET
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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—John Steinbeck's dramatization of his novel of the same name, with Otto Kruger and Ralph Morgan. Staged by Chester Erskin and produced by Oscar Serlin. Opens Tues., March 31. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

MY DEAR PUBLIC—An Irving Caesar musical, with Joy Hodges, Tamara, and John Buckmaster. Opens Thurs., April 2. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

MISCELLANY

COLLEGE SHOW—"Saints Alive," the forty-ninth annual production of the Columbia University Players: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., March 26-27, at 8:40. (Hotel Astor. For tickets, call UN 4-3200.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Iolanthe." Thurs. through Sat. Eves., March 26-28 and April 2-4, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The King-Coit Children's Theatre in Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring": Sat. and Sun. Afts., March 28-29, at 4. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.)

DANCE RECITALS

DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN—Appearing with their company: Sat. and Sun. Eves., March 28-29, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has no floor show to interfere with your dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the charming ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Enric Madriguera's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and a show, all among the palm trees.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Waiters in knee breeches give the Cotillion Room a lordly air. Songs by Ella Logan and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . Betty Bryant sings in the Café.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays for dancing in the Persian Room. Eleanor French and the present show will be there through Sat., March 28. After that there'll be only dance music until a new show goes in on Sat., April 4.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, will be replaced by a new one, with Eleanor French, Billy de Wolfe, and Helen Tamiris, on Wed., April 1. On the same evening Leo Reisman's orchestra will move in and Carmen Cavallaro's will move out. Clemente's rumba band is staying on. Through Tues., March 31, formal dress will be required on the dance floor after 10 p.m. . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra continues to play for dancing in the Iridium Room.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegard is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—The present show, with chorus girls, acrobats, and a tightwire-walker, will be replaced by a new one on Thurs., April 2. Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans, who are dancing at the supper hour in the Wedgwood Room, will be replaced on Thurs.,

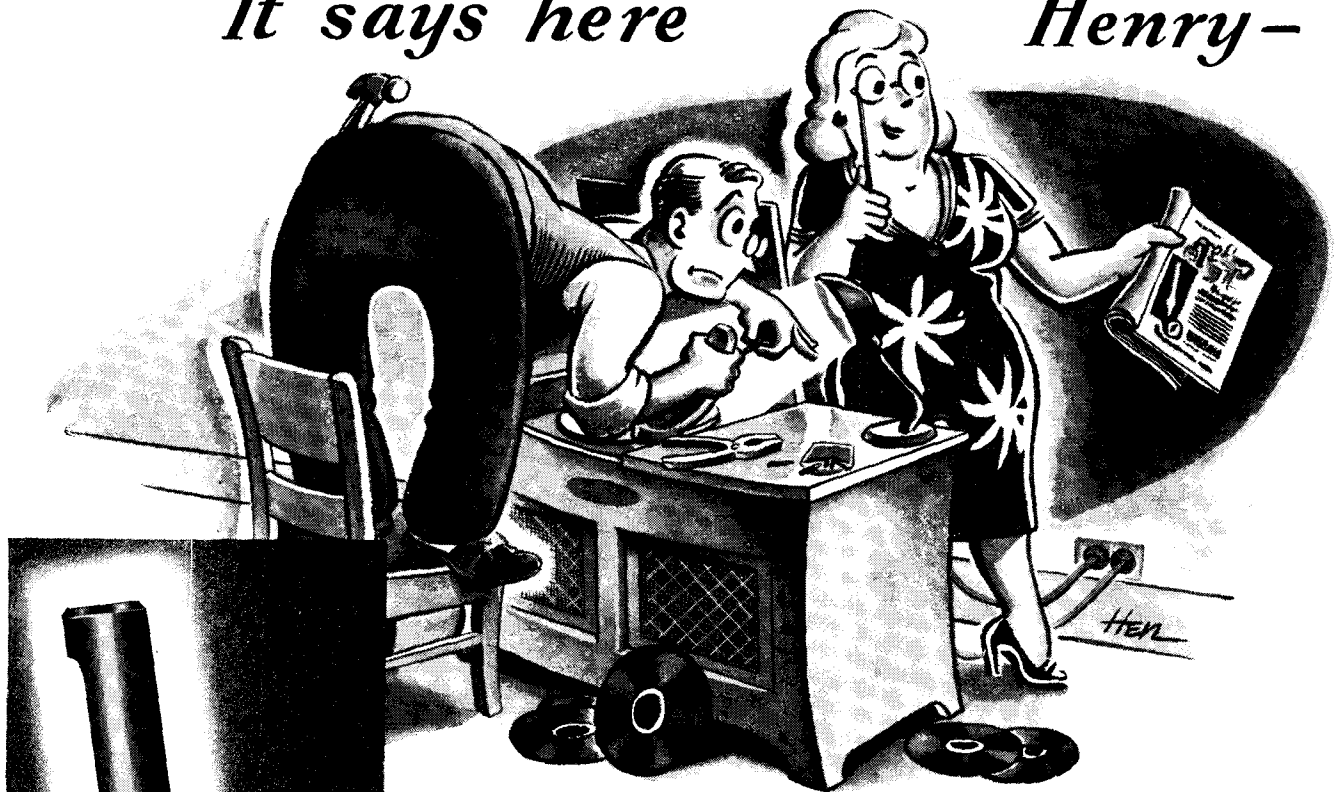
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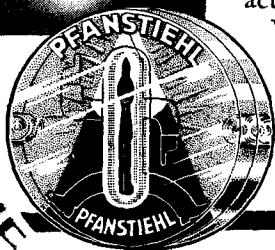
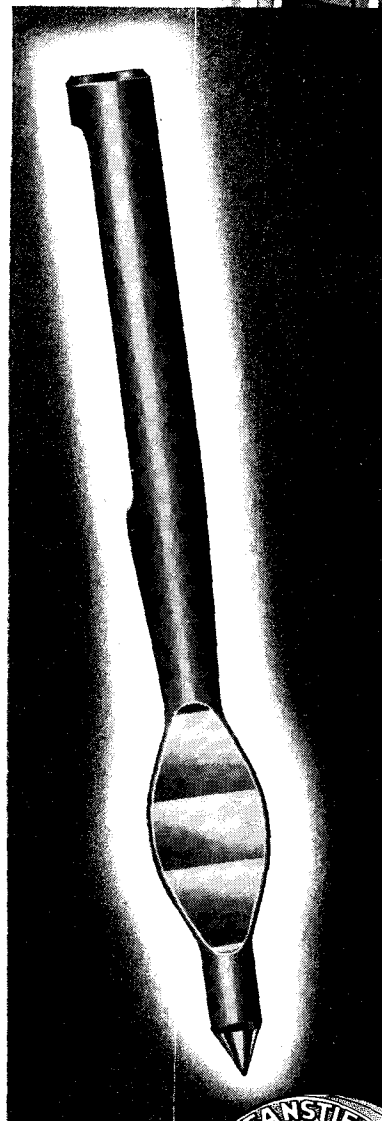
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 2, by Paul Draper, Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra will continue to be around at both dinner and supper. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): unusually quiet, and the show, headed by Maxine Sullivan, is unusual too. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs, and there are other performers as well. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the candlelight are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): the present show, headed by Georgie Price, will be replaced by a new one on Thurs., April 2. Val Olman's orchestra and the rumba band will stay on. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evelyn Tyner's orchestra will be replaced by Tommy Tucker's on Sat., April 4. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced by Frankie Masters' on Fri., April 3. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, specializing in folk singers, with Burl Ives and Belle Rosette on hand at the moment. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with, among other entertainers, Pilar Lopez, the dancer. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show that's been going for over a year.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell and a number of others play in this downtown hangout. On Mon. Eyes. Sidney Bechet's trio takes over. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

AMERICAN AND BRITISH—Milton Avery and Miron Sokole lead a well-selected showing of oils, and there's also a series of skillful small sculptures by Jacob Epstein: **American British Art Center**, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

AMERICANS—At the **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: this gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a loan show of works by Isabel Bishop, Doris Rosenthal, Jacob Getlar Smith, and others of its group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: annual midseason retrospective of works by this gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **AMERICAN PRIMITIVES GALLERY**, 355 Madison, at 56: paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists, from the collection of Harry Stone. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: American wars and warriors from 1790 to 1890, as portrayed by folk painters and sculptors. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

ARTISTS IN EXILE—Paintings and sculptures by Tanguy, Ernst, Chagall, Lipchitz, and a number of others, in an imposing roundup of European ar-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

tists driven here by the war: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

ATHERTON—Surrealist paintings by an artist with great technical facility and considerable imagination: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

AUSTIN—New oils by a painter who has a definite flair for the sinuous and mysterious: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

BONNARD—Small but well-selected collection of drawings, water colors, and prints by one of the last of the true Impressionists: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., March 31.

DE BOTTON—Graceful little oils, slightly Persian in suggestion, that range from Mexico to the Court of St. James: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

ERNST—This leading French surrealist shows intricately allusive oils in his first one-man exhibition here in years: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 11.

FLANNAGAN—First memorial show, mostly of small sculptures, by an always sensitive artist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 11.

FRANK—Solidly constructed, broadly Impressionist figure studies: Zborowski, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

FRENCH—At the **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: a survey of nineteenth-century painters, from Daumier and Corot to Cézanne and Renoir. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: landscapes, portraits, and still lifes, Expressionist in style, by Arbit Blatas. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 4. . . . **WILDESTINE**, 19 E. 64: paintings, sculptures, and other works, all with children as their theme, by a wide range of artists, past and present. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

GORSLINE—Shrewdly studied oils and water colors, mainly of city-genre subjects: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

HARTLEY AND MATTERN—The first shows paintings of Maine, crisp and clean as the life they picture; ably handled water colors by the second: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

HIGGINS—Small paintings by a master of the sombre and pastoral: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

MARIN—Abandoning Maine for the moment, this artist turns his attention to the city, the circus, and other phenomena: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through April 11.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Some special exhibits: stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through Sun., March 29); the Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples,

ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (both through April 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Large, beautifully selected exhibition of paintings by Henri Rousseau, douanier (through May 3); also, in the Young People's Gallery, paintings and sculptures, the work of modern artists and selected for their appeal to children (through April 26). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

OWENS—First one-man show of oils and gouaches, mainly landscapes and genuinely perceptive in feeling: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., March 31.

PORTRAITS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: paintings of artists by artists, showing how Luks, Henri, Glackens, etc., looked to each other. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 4. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE**, at 57: paintings of Helena Rubinstein, Reginald Marsh, and Dikran Kelekian, done by Laurencin, Tchelitchev, Brook, Derain, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **NEWTON**, 11 E. 57: eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and Nathaniel Dance. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through April 15.

REFREGIER—Oils and gouaches by a painter who gets an effect of the weirdly volatile in even his simplest subjects: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 28.

RET—An artist who mingles Matisse with other French influences shows some capably handled oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

SANTO—Small, delicately naive water colors, mostly landscapes and flowers: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

WEBER—Recent oils by a man who has managed to stay pretty much in the forefront of American art ever since the days of Cubism: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Large exhibition of prints by American artists from 1914 to the present; also, selected sculptures by contemporary Americans. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., March 31.

HERE AND THERE—At the **PASSEDOUT**, 121 E. 57: recent paintings by Edwin Dickinson. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 5 Ave., at 89: annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 29. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by members of the Gloucester Society of Artists. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Boudin, Pissarro, Lamotte, and other French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., March 31. . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 38 E. 57: sculptures by Irene Hamar. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., March 30. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: gouaches and silk-screen prints by James Guy. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 28. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: water colors by Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 4. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Louis Bouché (through April 18) and drawings by Boardman Robinson (through April 11). Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . **DEMOTTE**, 39 E. 51: loan show of paintings and sculptures owned by stage, screen, and radio folk; a war-relief benefit. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: paintings, pastels, and constructions in plaster by John Ferren. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 4.

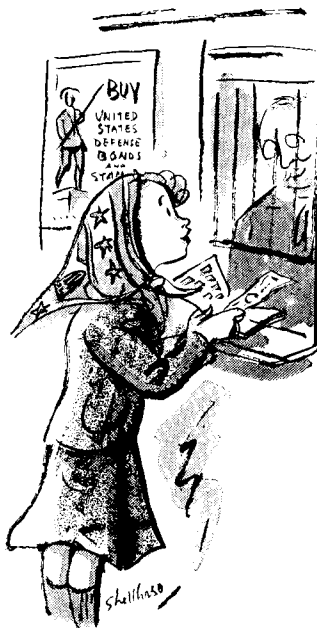
MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Damrosch conducting, Thurs. Eve., March 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 27, at 2:30. Barbirolli conducting, Sat. Eve., March 28, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 29, at 3; Wed. Eve., April 1, at 8:45; Thurs. Aft., April 2, at 2:30. (Special features: Thorborg, March 26-27; Piastro, March 28-29; Janssen and the Westminster Choir, April 1-2.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., March 28, at 11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 2, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., April 4, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., April 3, at 8:30.

CHOIR FESTIVAL—Annual three-choir event, under the direction of Lazare Saminsky and Fritz Busch: Temple Emanu-El, 5 Ave. at 65, Fri. Aft., March 27, at 2:30 and 5:15, and Sat. Morn., March 28, at 10:15. (For tickets, write to Temple Emanu-El.)

BUSCH CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS—Second of a series of three concerts, with Busch and Serkin as soloists: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., March 27, at 8:45.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Assisted by a Fred Waring chorus, Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., March 28, at 3.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Stiedry conducting Bach's "The Art of the Fugue": Town Hall, Sun. Aft., March 29, at 5:30.

RED CROSS BENEFIT—Yehudi Menuhin and the Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., March 30, at 8:45.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Town Hall, Mon. Eve., March 30, at 8:30.

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Delzell conducting; soloist, Matzenauer: Concert Theatre, 202 W. 58 (CI 6-3853), Mon. Eve., March 30, at 8:45.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Stoessel conducting the Bach B-minor Mass: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., March 31, at 8.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB AND SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE CHORUS—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., April 4, at 8:45.

RECITALS

TOWN HALL—Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti (Navy Relief Society benefit), Sat. Eve., March 28, at 8:30; Stuyvesant String Quartet, Sun. Eve., March 29, at 8:30; Eudice Shapiro and Irene Jacobi (American Theatre Wing benefit), Wed. Eve., April 1, at 8:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—Special Holy Week performances: "Parsifal," Wed. Eve., April 1, and Fri. Aft., April 3. (Curtain times are uncertain; to play safe, it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Abe Simon, 15 rounds, for the heavyweight title, a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief fund, Fri., March 27; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M. . . . Golden Gloves, inter-city finals, Mon., March 30, starting at 8 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional championship playoffs: Rangers vs. Toronto, tentative, Sun., March 29, and Thurs., April 2, at 8:40 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., March 29, at 1:30 P.M.

SKREET—Eastern open two-man championships, Loantaka Club, Morristown, N.J., Sat., March 28, at 9 A.M., and Sun., March 29, at 8:30 A.M.

SKING—New York State downhill championship, Lake Placid, Sun., March 29, at about noon.

OTHER EVENTS

ARMY DAY PARADE—United States service units and civilian-defense groups will participate in this year's event, which will start at 1 P.M. on Sat., April 4, from 5 Ave. and 95th St., and proceed south to 64th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: pictures of the Civil War and frontier expeditions into the Far West, by Matthew B. Brady and other early American photographers. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through April 5. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: the Press Photographers' annual exhibition of noteworthy camera shots of the year, reminiscent and craftsmanlike, as usual. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 12.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1873: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

BENEFIT—A dance, with entertainment by theatrical people, for Hamilton House: Hotel Pierre, Sat. Eve., March 28, at 9:30.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., March 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Aft., March 29, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Tues. Eve., March 31, at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Boxing: Joe

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 26,
THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

Louis vs. Abe Simon, for the heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., March 27, at about 10, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6, WABC; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sun., and Mon. Eves., March 26, 29, and 30, and Thurs. and Sat. Eves., April 2 and 4, at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

TELEVISION—Civilian-defense programs: over WCBW, first aid, Mon., March 30, at 8:25 P.M., and Tues., March 31, at 9 P.M.; nurses' aid, Wed., April 1, at 8:10 P.M. . . . Over WNBT, gas warfare and blackouts, Mon. through Wed., March 30-April 1, at 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—American and European paintings, including works by Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Eilsheimus, and Inness, owned by the late Rosalie H. Stone, the late Wilbur L. Cummings, and others: Wed. Eve., April 1, at 8:15.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimhels, B'way at 33—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture, firearms, samplers, and Indian art and glass, from the estate of the late Daniel Carter Beard: Fri. Morn. and Aft., March 27, at 10:30 and 2, and Sat. Aft., March 28, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—A fable of New Hampshire, from Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. The Faust idea adapted to the America of the eighteen-forties. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., March 27-30.)

BALL OF FIRE—Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in a lesson in American slang which is very illuminating. Underworld types and professors in some surprising encounters. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., March 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Mon., March 30.)

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—An incoherent but undeniably impressive Technicolor film, mainly about the R.C.A.F., with James Cagney. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., April 1.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—Life in a pueblo in the Mexican hills as Steinbeck found it. Forthright, vigorous, and stirring, with a commentary by Burgess Meredith. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 26.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—Of Back Bay and Beacon Hill and how some people can't stand them, according to the Marquand novel. With Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 30-31.)

THE INVADERS—How a Nazi submarine crew might land in Canada and go on a travel tour there, which could cause excitement, of course. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., April 1.)

KINGS ROW—An outspoken and well-acted story of

some very odd goings on in a small American town in the nineties, with Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains, and Charles Coburn. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., March 29.)

LABURNUM GROVE—Edmund Gwenn in that old thriller about the very polite and meek counterfeiter, a true family man but with a weakness. A respectable screen treatment of the play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 26.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—A successful and stimulating screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy of football and faculties. With Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., March 27.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A scrupulous photographing of the Kaufman-Hart hit, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. Especially for people who saw the play only once or twice. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., March 28. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., March 29. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., March 31-April 1.)

SON OF FURY—A lively costume piece, full of scuffling and adventure, in the grand old style. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power at their best. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 27. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., March 27-30. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Wed., March 27-April 1. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Wed., March 29-April 1.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—If you're a Preston Sturges admirer, this one will likely disappoint you, but it has its moments. With Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., March 30.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—Somewhat surprising comedy, as it is laid in Poland at the time of the invasion, yet well handled as a joke on the Gestapo. Carole Lombard's last film. With Jack Benny. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

NOTE—"Churchill's Island," a distinguished and informative twenty-minute compilation of newsreel shots describing the defenses of England, is being shown at the Rivoli, B'way at 49.

REVIVALS

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 27.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Astor, B'way at 45; starting Tues., March 31.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 1-3.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. French, with Harry Baur. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 1-3.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni; and the Dreyfus case. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Fri., March 31-April 3.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., March 31-April 1.)

REMBRANDT (1936)—The artist's later days. Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, and Charles Laughton. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., March 27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., April 1-3.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., March 29-31. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., April 1-3.)

THE STORY OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Sat., March 28.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS., MARCH 26**: five early German films, including "The Golem" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1896-1920). **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 27-28**: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **SUN. AND MON., MARCH 29-30**: "The Toll Gate" (1920), with Anna Q. Nilsson and William S. Hart. **TUES. AND WED., MARCH 31-APRIL 1**: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks. **THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 2-3**: "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **SAT., APRIL 4**: two Swedish films (1919-20).





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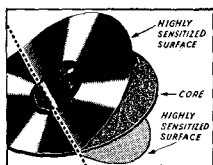
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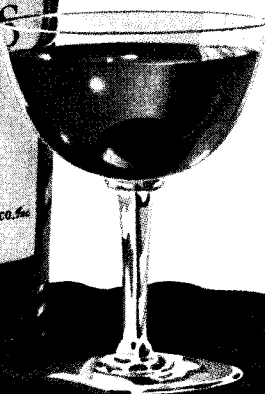
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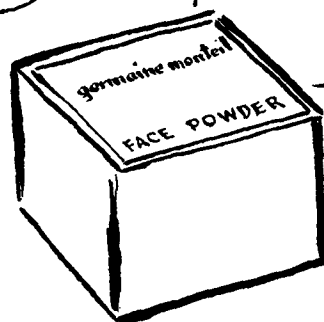
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of our tenderest memories is of the days when we used to eat lunch in a Village restaurant frequented by Howard Scott, the Technocrat. We were just a bad erg in the dynamic scene in those days. Mr. Scott was a tall, obscure dreamer. We remember him as a solemn, rangy, aesthetic man—a practical Bunthorne. In that halcyon though maladjusted period, our time was pretty much our own, so we used to linger in the restaurant and listen to him expound his theory—for he



was spreading it thick even then. Mainly, it was a scheme for expressing life in energy rather than in money, and seemed to presume a sort of uniformity in human affairs. It was, of course, incompatible with capitalism; next to his luncheon check (which had to be settled in cash), Mr. Scott despised corporate wealth.

Although his economic cure-all was based on the ideal of energy, we recall that he was essentially a lethargic individual—a fellow whose metabolism might easily have been on the minus side. His dreams, however, are beginning to come true. In the old days his followers dressed in motley; now they are arrayed in the conservative gray double-breasted suit which is standard for the well-dressed Technocrat, they ride in gray cars, and they salute each other with a gray salute. Conformity to the leader is encouraged and the leader wears gray.

Technocracy still has the ineffable beauty of mystery (it was Scott who defined Science as "the methodology of the determination of the most probable") but it now emerges in its true

color, which is gray, and it has been streamlined to give it greater appeal to the multitude—the new Technocrat learns that he need work only four hours a day and that at the age of forty-five he may retire.

We have a feeling that for Howard Scott, as for America itself, the next couple of years are the crucial ones. First the war abroad must be decided, then the war at home—the war against our domestic brands of Fascism. We rather expect democracy to survive. Americans are pretty good in the pinches; in addition to the four freedoms, they demand the right to pursue happiness in a loud, single-breasted purple suit, if the mood hits them. Also, most Americans know that, even with all its weaknesses, democracy is a strong and supple thing, adjusting itself to every sort of individual and even providing a rather decent living to a theorist who spends his entire time proving that it is wrong.

WE got a frantic telephone call from an old friend in Syracuse. "Alexander Woolcott has been in the hospital here," he snarled at us across the wires, "and it's all a pack of lies." After a few calming words, our friend relaxed sufficiently to tell us that Woolcott had appeared at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd there a few days before with a heart condition, and that the pack of lies was "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Like almost everyone else in Syracuse, our man had made the most



of whatever pipeline he had into the hospital, in his case a female interne, and she had given him the lowdown. Yes, Woolcott had been there, and did quite well. No, he hadn't insulted any-

one, no one at all. No, no presents had arrived beyond the conventional flowers—no octopus, no penguins, no mummy case, no Harpo Marx, no Noel Coward. Mr. Woolcott's behavior had been exemplary, his manner toward the nurses one of grave and considered courtesy. Our friend told us these things in a voice heavy with disillusionment and what seemed to be recrimination, as though, living in New York, we were somehow responsible for all the beautiful legends of Broadway, and then hung up before we had a chance to explain matters. We left the telephone feeling that we ought to record the event as of mild historical interest and made a bold note in our diary under March 6th: "Woolcott back in Syracuse for unheralded encore; this time he played Tinker Bell."

OUR mail is curious, often frightening, and we sometimes wonder if a man may be judged by the letters people write to him. We hope not. Mr. Ray H. Potter, managing director of the Forrest Hotel on Broadway, has spent two cents, for example, to let us know that the Venetian Lounge in his hotel was recently the scene of New York's first blackout marriage. "Due to the fact the couple and their guests desire no publicity," he writes, "I keenly regret all I can say is that the bride and groom hail from Forest Hills. At their request we installed blackout drapery on the windows and dimmed the lights. To simulate air-raid sirens we had the radio going full blast." Mr. Potter dictated this letter to us, we presume. Anyway, there is a typed legend in the lower left-hand corner that says "RHP:SS" and serves to take the sibilant right out of our mouth, as you might say.

FROM another correspondent, we have just received a list of particularly interesting conventions scheduled to take place between now and 1945. Dur-

ing 1942, for instance, there will be meetings of the International Association of Torch Clubs, the Supreme Herd of the Ladies' Independent Order of Reindeer, the Precancel Stamp Society, and the Texas Sacred Harp Singers Association; in 1943, the outstanding gatherings perhaps will be those of the American Rheumatism Association and the Military Order of Serpents, Supreme Lair, while 1945 will see a conclave of the simple, friendly group which calls itself the Royal Neighbors of America. In a time of wreckage and distortion, it is consoling to know that here and there life still flows on, as bright and aimless as a brook, apparently forever.

Horror Stuff

AN undertaker not so far from this city recently had his building completely redecorated in the modern style. It turned out, however, that in one respect the redecorated place was a bit too modern. It had automatic front doors operated by photoelectric cells, the magic kind that open when you approach them. The combination of circumstances scared many of his patrons, and he had to put back the old-fashioned doors.

Saint's Disciple

LAST Thursday afternoon we stepped from the bright, wholesome, La-Guardia-purified atmosphere of West Seventy-second Street and in no time at all were back in the dark, romantic, pre-Fusion past. It was quite a wrench. What we did was enter the apartment of Mr. Edwin Patrick Kilroe, a lawyer, who recently gave to Columbia University the world's largest collection of Tammaniana, or data on Tammany Hall. Starting out in 1905 with a McClellan badge used in that year's McClellan-Hearst mayoralty campaign, Mr. Kilroe, now a ruddy bachelor of fifty-eight, began collecting Tammany documents, clippings, autographs, badges, buttons, dance programs, cartoons, posters, invitations, pamphlets, menus, and whatever, with such effect that three moving trucks were required to transport his memorabilia to Columbia, and at that he still has a residue of several hundred items to be delivered at a later date. We found Mr. Kilroe before a welter of bookshelves crammed with al-

bums stuffed with Tammany clippings, bound volumes of Tammany orations and toasts, and books on copyright law. Mr. Kilroe, who was once an assistant district attorney and is now copyright adviser to Twentieth Century-Fox, told us that altogether five tons of material were moved. The place is still cluttered up, though, because Mr. Kilroe brought into town an overflow collection he used to keep on a farm he has in Pennsylvania. He has taken care of the collection himself through all the years, and for the first decade or two it was nothing for him to work on it until two or three in the morning.

Mr. Kilroe calculates that he has spent about \$30,000 on the collection. He got photostats of many documents which were impossible to acquire. As an undergraduate at Columbia he wrestled on the team, and he now donates an annual gold medal for the middleweight class, which was his. He graduated in 1904, and in 1913, his Tammany collection well under way, he took a Ph.D., submitting as his thesis "Saint Tammany and the Origin of the Society of Tammany, or the Columbian Order, in New York." He showed us a 1773 list of Tammany members, calling our attention to the number of Biddles, Cadwaladers, Morrisises, and Whartons it contained, and a copy of a 1789 list, pointing out the Van Cortlandts and Livingstons it contained. "I picked the original up at a sale for seventy-five berries," he said. He feels Tammany is suffering unjustly today because of a handful of sinful leaders, and that it will rise again, as it always has in the past. "It has the common touch, the heart, the human touch," he told us. "I want to tell you, young man, I can go through Yale or Harvard or Columbia from the beginning and pick out two hundred men from each place and make out a case that those colleges are academies of crime."



Mr. Kilroe, who, as you may have guessed, is a member of Tammany himself, is working on an eight-volume history of the organization which he hopes the Columbia University Press will publish, and the items which he has temporarily retained have to do with this project. He managed three of Jimmy Hines' early campaigns, promoting him as "The Honest Blacksmith." Although Kilroe broke with Hines in 1920, he still feels sentimental about a poem he wrote about him in 1913, and

presented us with a copy, which, in the general interest, we reprint:

We're here tonight to celebrate
In spite of party lines,
In genial mirth, the sterling worth,
Of honest "Jimmy" Hines.

From anvil to the City Hall
His spotless record shines;
From horseshoe nails to politics
It's all the same with Hines.

He meets the whole world fair and square,
And as we read the signs—
There's lots of ardor in the air
For loyal "Jimmy" Hines.

Mr. Kilroe feels that Hines was corrupted by dubious associates he met as a blacksmith rather than by his Tammany brethren. "Jimmy used to shoe horses for the racing crowd," he said. "That's what gave him his passion for the race track and race-track people."

Method

AT a local first-aid class, the question of fainting came up. The instructor explained to the class that the cause of fainting was primarily a fault of circulation and that it could be prevented by getting the head lower than the heart. "For instance," he said, "if you feel faint, and don't want to call attention to it, just lean down and tie your shoelace over again." A lady in the front row raised her hand. "What sort of knot is used?" she asked.

Sugar Girl

GROPING, as ever, for the national pulse, we put our finger on Horn & Hardart at lunchtime Monday and learned that their system of sugar rationing, the principal feature of which is a maximum of two teaspoonfuls to a cup of coffee, has been gamely accepted by the self-serving public. We'd been told that the Automats had installed non-automatic sugar girls, and this turned out to be the case. At the place we visited folks were stepping up to the sugar girl with cups of coffee, or in some cases tea or hot chocolate, on their trays and saying "One" or "Two" or "One and a half" or "One heaping" as if they'd been doing it for a month, which, in fact, they have. The sugar girl told us that there have been few hitches, aside from the people who don't see the sign over the coffee tap, which reads "Obtain sugar from the table in front of this section," and consequently wander around for a while with their coffee growing cold. They don't get sore, though, she said.

We spoke to the manager of the place and he turned in a similar report. The

government didn't go into details as to the administration of the rationing, merely clamping a twenty-per-cent cut on H. & H.'s sugar supply and letting it go at that. "With the old sugar bowls at every table," the manager said, "a man would dump sugar into his coffee until it was sweet enough to drink without stirring it. Now he stirs it and gets along with less." The manager figures there is more than a twenty-per-cent saving right there. The great majority of coffee drinkers, it has turned out, ask for only one teaspoonful anyway. The manager told us that the Automats allow a reasonable amount of sugar for grapefruit and other solids that seem to demand it, and that special requests are always given respectful consideration. He had to support the sugar girl, however, when a customer wanted three spoonfuls of sugar for his bean soup. "Why?" the manager asked him. "On account of my gastric condition," the man said. "I turned him down," the manager told us.

While we were at it, we went into an Automat question which had been on our mind for some time: Why is smoking allowed in the Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street Automat and in none of the others? Our manager explained that in any restaurant without private tables a customer who has finished his dessert will light a cigar and blow the smoke in the face of a customer who is just starting his soup. This is unpleasant. Also, smoking slows down a restaurant's turnover. At the Fifth Avenue place, which has the reputation of serving the most worldly of the automatic eaters, they've never had any trouble on account of smoking and they just let customers do it. "They do a lot of funny things over there," said our man. "They even sell beer."

Carte Blanche

IN the parking garage in Rockefeller Center, probably as impersonal and highly mechanized a place as



"Did you ever read Thornton Wilder?"

you'd find around town, a friend of ours found written evidence that even there human nature is a factor. Pinned up on a bulletin board in the ticket booth was a note which read, "Miss Fuller is to have Mr. O'Neill's car *until further notice*, provided Miss Fuller's friend accompanies her and drives. (Miss Fuller's friend is a lady.)"

Mr. Speyer's House

THE late James Speyer, the banker, who died last Halloween at the age of eighty, read without glasses until the time of his death, spent fifteen minutes

every morning pulling at a pair of gymnasium exercisers, and bathed in a huge, marble-topped, sarcophagus-like tub, the faucets of which were embedded in a sculptured lion's head. We gathered this information on a tour we made last week of Mr. Speyer's house, the forty-odd-room Louis XVI edifice at 1058 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Speyer's wife had two major interests—working girls and animals—and he had the house constructed with a number of large, semi-public rooms to enable her to hold meetings and benefit concerts for them. She died in 1921, and thereafter her husband, when in the city, lived increasingly

in a suite of rooms on the third floor. The dining room, seating forty, was filled at the annual Christmas Eve dinners, after which the guests, along with a hundred and fifty more who came later, would gather in the ballroom to hear Paul Reimers, the singer, render "Heilige Nacht" or to be entertained by other artists, who at one time or another included Elsie Janis, Frieda Hempel, Alda, Flagstad, Kreisler, and Paderewski.

The house has been left to the Museum of the City of New York, which hardly knows what to do with it. We were ushered through by a Museum representative and Edward Coombes, the former Speyer butler, who is still living there, helping the Parke-Bernet people remove and arrange the house's contents for sale by auction next month. Coombes called our attention to various drawing rooms, powder rooms, and a balconied butler's pantry containing a large safe for silver.

The dining room contained a painted ceiling, full of allegorical figures. A Parke-Bernet man was cataloguing furniture in this room, and we asked him what the ceiling represented but learned nothing. "It's a fixture of the house," he said. "We don't handle it." From the

reception hall we ascended a marble staircase which forked halfway up; over the mid-landing was a stained-glass window with a coat of arms and the motto "Respite Finem." In the library, facing Fifth Avenue, we noted a copy of "Exit Laughing," by Irvin S. Cobb, several French clocks, a bust of Mr. Speyer's father, a figure of Lincoln, and a full-length portrait of Mrs. Speyer by Sir Hubert von Herkomer. An adjoining salon, partially denuded, still contained a painting of Mr. Speyer, his brother, and his sister, done in 1868, when Mr. Speyer was seven. Next came the ballroom, square and with five chandeliers. Coombes told us it had been little used of late. "Roosevelt put a permanent damper on this sort of house in 1933," said Coombes.

During the last half-hour of our visit we got bogged down in a welter of tapestries, gilt chairs, leopard skins, old Charvet ties about to be distributed among old Speyer employees, and so on, and all we recall clearly is that several of the doors in the servants' quarters, which accommodated eighteen, bore such signs as "Chef's Storeroom," "Men's Quarters," "Cleaning Room—Mr. Speyer Only," "To Street," "To Cellar," and "Private—Mrs. Speyer's

Private Elevator." This last differentiated the owner's lift from the service lift; although a widower for twenty years, Mr. Speyer never had the sign changed.

Train of Thought

TO a Mr. Robert Rose of this town came a wire from his mother, announcing the birth of a niece. "A GIRL SIX POUNDS ELEVEN OUNCES EVERYBODY FINE," it said. And the local Western Union office, bless its heart, had pasted at the bottom of the telegram a little sticker:

ALWAYS CORRECT—NOW INEXPENSIVE
To send wedding congratulations by
Western Union

Telling Tokio

AT least one Japanese we've heard of is doing his damndest to help us win the war—Yasuo Kuniyoshi, who is known to many as one of this country's best artists. He has been an anti-Japan man ever since the first attack on China, and now he's doing his bit as a writer of broadcasts for the Office of the Coördinator of Information, the American propaganda bureau. He

writes them in English, having lived here thirty-five years and lost touch with his native tongue. Translators turn them into Japanese, and they go out by short wave across the Pacific. Listening to foreign broadcasts is, of course, forbidden in Japan, but there is satisfactory evidence that it goes on. Kuniyoshi aims at the artists and intelligentsia, pointing out to them that their militaristic government prevents intellectual freedom. "I wish to tell you about the life and beliefs of an artist of your own race who lives in a much brighter place in every way than your own land," one of his scripts began. "My eyes are opened on broader horizons in the United States than are the eyes of those who sit on one little island, seeing only one little sky."

Kuniyoshi lives in a studio down on West Fourteenth Street. We called on him recently and found him a friendly and entertaining conversationalist. He's a small, dark-haired man, naturally,



"It started with some awfully good repartee."



"...lead reins through eyes of hames."

with (naturally) black tortoiseshell glasses. His clothes and speech are purely American. Filling a pipe with Barking Dog tobacco, he sat down and told us about his life. He came to this country on his own at the age of thirteen, in 1906, with nothing very definite in mind but a desire to make his fortune. For a while he did odd jobs and attended public school in Los Angeles. One of his teachers, impressed by his facility at dashing off water colors in art class, advised him to cultivate his talent. He studied for a time at the Los Angeles School of Art, but his heart wasn't in it. He still wanted to get rich, and in 1910 decided that aviation offered the path to fame and fortune; after taking a couple of flights with an instructor, however, he cooled off. Working his way to New York, he got a job cleaning the studio of another Japanese, a commercial artist. This interested him in art again, and finally he was studying at the Art Students' League. He was first exhibited in 1920. Two years later, he had his first one-man show. From then on he had a one-man show every year

until 1930, after which he slowed down to the pace of one every two years. Some of his paintings are in the Brooklyn Museum, the Whitney, and the Museum of Modern Art. He's irked by the fact that, since he can never be a citizen, the Metropolitan, whose funds for contemporary art are restricted to purchases from American artists, will never exhibit him. The late Ambassador Saito owned a Kuniyoshi still life. Kuniyoshi admired Saito and thinks he killed himself trying to prevent war.

Kuniyoshi's status of enemy alien prevents him from being employed by the Donovan office. He writes on a freelance basis and hands his stuff over to the staff. Summing up his native land's psychology, Kuniyoshi told us that, because of his compatriots' current successes, "hysteria" is carrying them along. "Starts going bad, don't think they can take it," he said, adding thoughtfully, "I hate those people's guts." The war has not hampered his customary activities, except that he has to get permission for journeys that will keep him out of town after dark. Last time he applied

for such permission was when he was serving on a jury at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He teaches twice a week at the Art Students' League and once a week at the New School for Social Research. So far, he has had no unpleasant scenes with patriotic people he bumps into on the street. The only real hardship he has suffered is that he can't pursue his hobby, which is, as you might know, photography. He won a third prize at the Leica exhibition four years ago. The cops have taken his camera for the duration.

Request

HEIFETZ played a concert somewhere in Texas this winter. In the intermission, he received, from the front of the house, a note signed by a lady. Would Mr. Heifetz please play "Happy Birthday" in honor of the lady's husband, who was just forty-five? Exercising considerable restraint, he sent back word that he would have been delighted to do it, but unfortunately he hadn't the music with him.



"My advice is to forget all about this and put yourself in the hands of a good tailor."

THIS LADY WAS A BOSTONIAN THEY CALL THEM

LITTLE MARTY is one of the hackies who play the corner of Forty-second Street and Second near the Shanty there. He has a way of talking that he can pronounce capital letters. If he says a fare was a Society Playboy, why, it sounds as if there was a capital "S" and a capital "P" on the words. One time he was telling about a celebrity that was in his cab and Little Marty said, "They call his folks The Salmon King." You'd know there were capital letters on "The Salmon King."

Another thing. Little Marty has the idea the slightest thing happens to him, it's important. They're not important's a matter of fact, but Marty tells them anyway. Take, for example, here's what he was telling last night having a couple cups coffee in the Shanty, with the cab outside.

"**T**HIS Lady is twenty-nine years of age—I didn't ask her but she told me her Life History, you might say. She's a Bostonian they call them. She isn't out of in Boston, she lives in a place right outside of Boston, she told me the name, a small place anyway.

"She got clothes looks thicker than the clothes they wear here. Women, I mean. They cost dough, you could see that. They're tailor-mades—thick, though. More like men's clothes than women's clothes in this city.

"Anyway, no sooner she got in the cab, it's about two o'clock this morning, she Explained the Situation. She don't want to go home, at the same time she don't want to go in and have a drink alone anywhere. That's how it was she put it up to me cold turkey would I go in someplace and have a drink with her, she'd pay for it. I'm not the type guy drinks much anyway, especially whiskey, which you'd have to do, I figure, on a time like this. And another thing, I got no shave and I don't look good—how can I look good wearing the cap? But we're by this time passing a Third Avenyuh place I know one the bartenders and he would know with me there's Nothing Wrong no matter how it looks, so in we go. I know him for years since kids. We went to St. Gabriel's. They tore it down, you know, and put in the tunnel to Queens. St. Gabriel's gone and now they got a tunnel hardly anybody goes through it, they tell me.

"Well, to make a long story short, this is a pretty decent place where we went into, me and the Bostonian. It don't get real Third Avenyuh trade, in-

stead customers comes over from on Park and around there. So when we went in there, the best I could do was braze it out, so first off I excuse myself and slip in the men's room and put water on my hair and plaster it down with my hands before I go back and sit on a stool with this Lady at the bar.

"The bartender was surprise seeing me and a Lady like this popping up but he never blink an eye, too use to see all kinds of things happening all the time.

"Well, the upshot of it was we sat there. The way she told it she came here for the dog show. They had it in the Garden. People come from Boston and Chicago even. It's an International Affair. By the time the dog show's over, there's a week of it, this Lady win a couple prizes. No question about it, she has Dough. An' after a whole week of dog show, why, she stayed here a couple weeks, didn't have to go back to Boston, either her or her husband. The two of them's the kind they don't haff to go any place only where they feel like it, they got that kind of dough. I got to say I was surprise she had a husband—somehow I got the idea from the thick clothes she wouldn't have a husband.

"The husband was over in their hotel, a kind of family place off of Fifth, and here it is getting near three o'clock, quarter a three, and the upshot of it was

I kept thinking isn't this a hell of a thing now? Nothing wrong, but it was what they call Quite an Adventure for me, even if it got embarrassing.

"In front of the bartender knew me for years, this Lady Bostonian kept saying, 'This is quite a picturesque scene, isn't it? This is quite a picturesque scene.' How could it be a picturesque scene me with no shave, three o'clock in the morning, sitting up at a bar with a Lady I never see before?

"**T**HE upshot of it was I maneuver it to get out of there after a while. I made out to do it no hurt feelings all around, but out we got. Then what happens but the Bostonian wants Sen-Sens. I think this Lady got self-conscience-stricken herself at about Forty-ninth Street. She maybe got to thinking about this Husband at the hotel, and so I had to stop the cab and go get Sen-Sens. I don't understand them at all. What's the sense of Sen-Sens and cloves and coffee beans on a wife that's coming in three o'clock in the morning? Anyway, that's all there was to this Bostonian, the end of the matter.

At that, she gave me a dollar-ten tip at the hotel, there was only ninety cents on the clock so she gave me the dime and another whole buck. And then with the doorman there listening and all, damn if she didn't say it again, 'It was quite a picturesque evening.' I scrambled out of there." —JOHN McNULTY



THE LOVERS

In this glass palace are flowers in golden baskets;
in that grim brownstone mansion are silver caskets;
the caskets watch and wait, and the baskets wait,
for a certain day, and hour, and a certain gate.

Wonderfully glow the colors in that bright palace!
Superb the flora, in pyx, and vase, and chalice!
The glass is steamed with a stifling tuberoses breath;
and lilies, too, of the valley of the shadow of death.

The caskets are satin-lined, with silver handles,
and the janitor sings, "They'll soon be lighting candles;"
he sweeps the sidewalk, and as he sweeps he sings
in praise of a hearse with completely noiseless springs.

Hush—the conspiracy works! It has crossed the street!
Someday, and it's not far off, these lovers will meet!
Casket and basket at last set forth together
for the joyful journey, no matter how bleak the weather;

in a beautiful beetle-black hearse with noiseless tread,
basket and casket together will get to bed,
and start on a Pullman journey to a certain gate,
punctually, at a certain hour, on a certain date.

—CONRAD AIKEN

5135 KENSINGTON

MARCH, 1904

ROSE SMITH reached up to take the hatpins out of her hat. Her pompadour had parted in the middle, which gave her a rather dishevelled look, and one of her gloves had split across the palm. Her mother waited until she had thrown her hat, coat, and gloves on a chair in the living room before she spoke. "Well?" she asked.

"Well," Rose said. "In the first place, we saw everybody we knew, and I'd give ten farms to do it all over again. And you can't believe what that grand-looking Paul Hendricks said about me, and also what Mr. Barnard said. But he's married, so it doesn't count."

"And where's Esther?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"She stopped to get a cherry phosphate," Rose answered. "We had two sundaes at Plow's after the matinée, and she felt a little funny on the trolley coming home. So she thought she'd get a cherry phosphate to sort of settle her stomach." She sat down on a small, straight chair and pushed her hair back from her forehead. "If I ever write," she said, "I hope I can think of a title as wonderful as 'A Gilded Fool.'"

Mrs. Smith picked up the coat, hat, and gloves from the chair. "How was Nat Goodwin?" she asked.

"Oh, he was wonderful, too," Rose said. "We are *much* for him."

Her mother stood holding the wraps, and Rose, looking directly at her, saw that she seemed excited.

"What are you two girls doing tonight?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Tonight?" Rose repeated. "Well, tonight we were going to fool around with Lon and some friends of his he's invited over here. Why?"

Mrs. Smith drew herself up and lifted her chin in the air. "Do what you like, of course," she said. "But Mrs. Wagner called, and she has extended a very unusual invitation to you, Esther, and myself. It seems that she has made the acquaintance of Mme. Roditi, the little French woman who has come on for the World's Fair. She's going to be quite a factor in the French Pavilion. And Mme. Roditi is giving an at home this

evening for the Chinese Commissioner's wife."

"An at home!" Rose said. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"That's what I thought," her mother said. "So Katie has your dresses pressed, and we'll have a light supper. There's to be a German countess there, too. I called your father and he said he'd eat downtown."

Tootie came into the room and stood braiding the tassels of the portières. "If you're talking about that at home," she said, "Papa won't go, because he has no use for foreigners. He has no use for English people, French people, or any people at all. He says he doesn't understand them and he doesn't want to."

"Your father doesn't show much sense at times," Mrs. Smith said.

"Grandpa won't go, either," Tootie said. "And I asked Katie if she would if she had a chance, and she said not on your life. Agnes says she wouldn't go unless she was taken there by a governess, but I would just as soon go, if you'd let me, because I like to hear people talk crazy."

"Leave those portières alone," Mrs. Smith said. She leaned forward and slapped Tootie's hands sharply.

"Listen, Tootie," Rose said. "Just because people don't speak the same lan-

guage you do is no reason why they talk crazy."

"The Chinese laundryman at the corner talks crazy," Tootie said. "Every time I yell at him he goes right out of his head. I wouldn't be surprised if he came at me with a knife one of these days."

The front door opened and closed, and Esther hurried into the room. "I met Mrs. Wagner and she told me," she said. "She said Mme. Roditi has the queerest place, all wonderful and foreign. She rented the Barneses' house, but Mrs. Wagner says you'd never know it ever *belonged* to them. Mme. Roditi moved their furniture out into the carriage house and has moved loads and loads of her own things in. Mrs. Wagner says her curtains are a dream, and she keeps them pulled to all day, so that hardly an ounce of light ever gets in. And it's just as mysterious!"

Tootie shook her head. "Her bills will be awful," she said. "I suppose she hasn't thought about *them*." She turned and started to leave the room when suddenly she stopped and looked down at her hands. The backs of them were still pink where her mother had slapped them. "You didn't hurt me," she said. "I hardly felt it." Then, as her mother made a quick move in her direction, she darted across the hall and up the stairs.

AGNES was sitting on the stairs that led to the third floor. Beside her she had a small stack of paper bags. "I'm fixing these to play a joke on Lon and those boys tonight," she told Tootie. "When they come and get to acting smart, I'm going to fill these with water and drop them on their heads. You can help me."

"Where are you going to drop them *from*?" Tootie asked.

"Well, I can't quite make up my mind," Agnes said. "I thought we might drop them from the window in the girls' room and hit them as they came in. But then I thought one of them might tell the others, or yell out, or something. And the whole thing would be ruined. So I think we had better just throw them from the landing."

"What'll Mamma say about all that water?" Tootie asked.

"Oh, *her*!" Agnes said. "She'll be too excited to no-





"Miss Whitehead has come to tell us how to amuse sailors."

tice the water when she gets home. Anyway, Grandpa said he'd help us clean up. He's disgusted with Mamma and the girls."

"Anybody can talk Chinese," Tootie said. "Velly fine. I would like to hear Rose putting on like that." She pulled a strand of hair down over her forehead and wrapped it around the tip of her nose. Then she pulled the lower lids of her eyes down until they showed red, and stuck her tongue out.

Agnes smoothed the bags neatly. "That's your best face," she said.

"I know," Tootie said. "I suppose that Mme. Roditi thinks she's making a palace out of the Barneses' house. She'll probably want to dig a moat."

From below they heard the sound of the dinner bell, and almost immediately Grandpa Prophater's door opened and he came out into the hall. "We're in for it," he said. "A lot of fool nonsense. I don't know what's got into your mother lately. She can't seem to stay home, where she belongs. Wanting to run around with a lot of heathens, and then doing the Stations of the Cross every Sunday to make up for it."

"Grandpa," Tootie said thoughtfully,

"if it will make you feel any better, Agnes and I can go down and yell at the Chinaman at the corner after dinner."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he said. "You stay home, where you belong. It's more than the rest of them do."

"I'll bet Papa's mad," Agnes said. "I can't just imagine how he feels with his wife and daughters going out alone and meeting a lot of strangers."

Grandpa Prophater fingered his mustache. "He ought to put his foot down," he said.

"I never saw Papa put his foot down," Tootie said. She took her grandfather's hand and started down the stairs. Agnes got up and smoothed the skirt of her Peter Thomson suit before she followed them. She waited until they were at the foot of the stairs and then sang softly to herself, "Ching Ching Chinaman, eat dead rats. Chew them up like gingersnaps."

THAT evening the carriage, in which Rose and Esther sat facing their mother and Mrs. Wagner, pulled up short about half a block from Mme. Roditi's house and fell into the line

which was moving slowly to the portecochère. The carriage lamps looked blurred and dim in the fog.

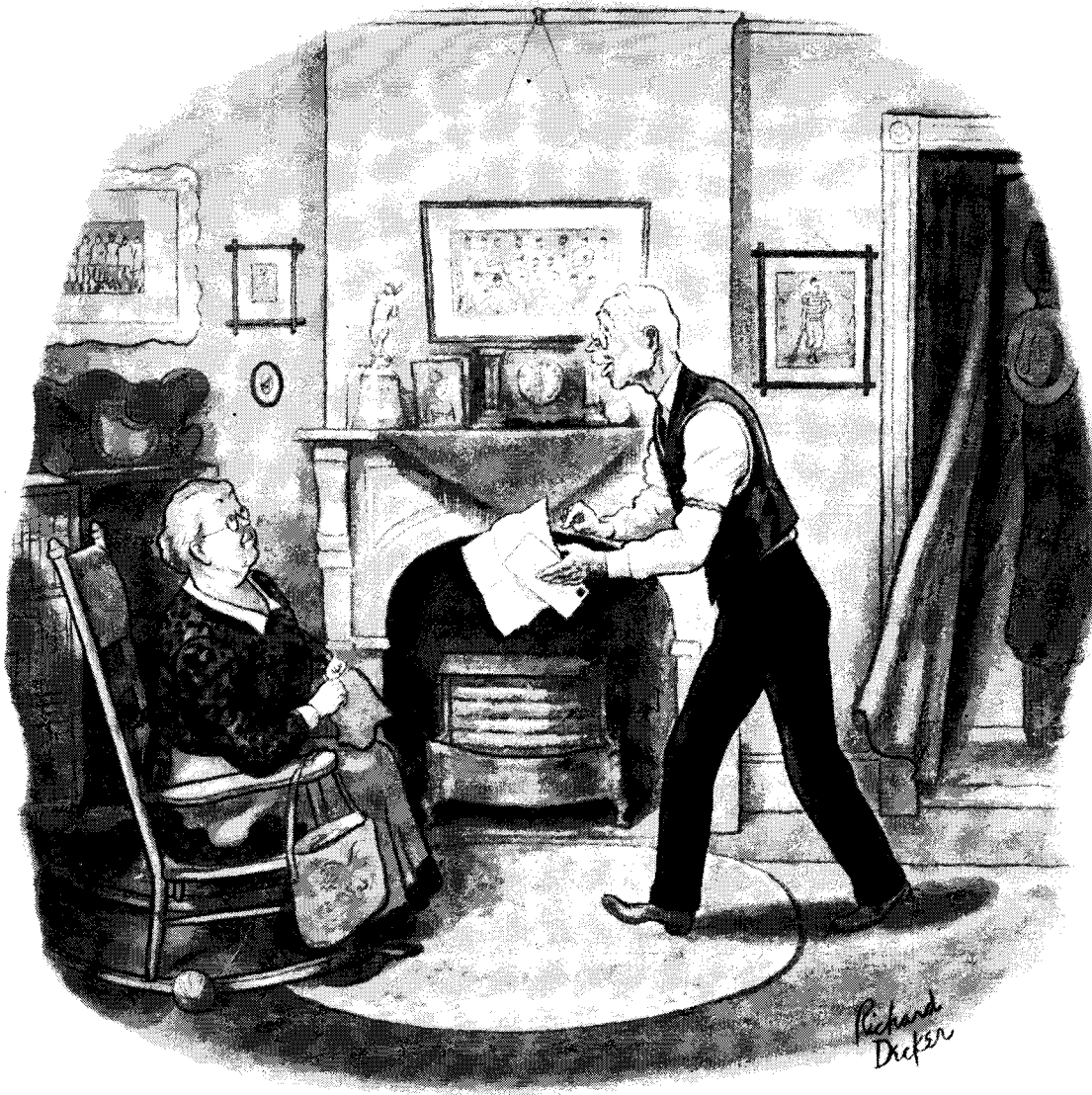
Esther moved uneasily and her knees hit against Mrs. Wagner's dress. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said.

"Pas du tout," Mrs. Wagner said. She gave a bright little laugh. "You see, I'm speaking French already, and we're not even *there*."

"I'm frantic about my French, even though I got a B-plus in it," Rose said.

"Think of me," Mrs. Smith said. "I don't know a word of it, except a few little things I remember from one of the French sisters in the convent."

Their carriage stopped under the portecochère, and Esther twisted her hands nervously. The coachman got down from his box and opened the door, and they stepped out daintily. Their heels clicked on the moist wooden stairs that led to the front door. Inside, the house was softly lighted. They walked up the stairway to leave their wraps in a second-floor bedroom. On the bed was a pile of capes and balloon-sleeved coats. The bedspread was made of pink brocaded satin, and Mrs. Smith stood looking down at it. "This never belonged



"What do you know, Emily! They want me back in baseball."

to Hetty Barnes," she said. "I suppose it's hers."

"Mamma!" Rose said in a whisper. "You've simply got to pretend not to notice such things. After all, we don't want her to think we're not *used* to the best."

Mrs. Smith untied the black lace scarf which she had worn over her head. "She'll find out soon enough without my telling her," she said. "She'll find out after she returns a few calls. And I must say that I think satin is entirely out of place on a *bed*. It can't be washed."

Esther and Rose threw their capes across the top of the pile. "I never saw such a *pink* room," Esther said. She looked around. "Too pink."

"I think she's overdone it a little," Rose agreed. Now that she was in the house it had lost some of its terror for her. She walked nonchalantly to the

pier glass and patted her hair. "We might as well go down."

The living room was crowded with people. Mme. Roditi stood at the head of the receiving line, and at her left were a black-haired Chinese woman and a blonde woman, almost six feet tall, whose clothes looked as though an inexpensive upholsterer had fitted her into them.

"Look," Mrs. Wagner said. "The tall one is the German countess."

"Very elegant, I suppose, for wherever she's from," Mrs. Smith said. "But not the thing, not the thing *at all*, for St. Louis."

"The first time I met her," Mrs. Wagner said, "she slouched in her chair. But I must admit she could converse interestingly in French, English, German, and, I suppose, really any language if the opportunity had presented itself."

A number of the guests were slowly

making their way toward the receiving line, and Mrs. Wagner motioned Mrs. Smith, Rose, and Esther to join them. The room was strangely silent, considering the number of people in it, although there seemed to be a lessening of tension once the introductions were over. People had gathered in groups; five young Chinese stood by themselves, some elegant Frenchmen stood alone, and the St. Louis people gathered in sets and looked around at the curtains, the paintings, and into the dining room, where a buffet-supper table had been set. Mrs. Smith felt as though she were in a dream. She heard Mrs. Wagner say, "And here, dear Mme. Roditi, is Mrs. Smith and her two lovely daughters, Miss Rose and Miss Esther."

Mrs. Smith took Mme. Roditi's hand and looked at her for the first time. Mme. Roditi was a short, dark woman with a wide, blunt nose. Her eyes were very black and darted around Mrs. Smith without once seeming to see her. Mrs. Smith withdrew her hand. "I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw a cow by the tail,"

she thought. She passed on, touching the fragile hand of the pretty Chinese woman and acknowledging the introduction to the dreadful countess.

After the Smiths got through the receiving line, Mrs. Wagner led them across the room to the group of young Chinese. She patted the arm of one of them and he turned around. "Mr. Feng Hsu," she said. "Mr. Feng Hsu, here are the two charming young ladies I was speaking of." She smiled at Rose and Esther. "Mr. Feng Hsu," she said, "is going to give a lecture here next week on 'Courtship and Marriage in China.' And I told him that you might give him some ideas of *courtship* in America."

Rose looked down at him through her lashes. He was slightly smaller than she was and his skin was the color of ivory. As she looked into his eyes she saw that he was laughing at her. "We will

listen to it with all our ears," she said.

"That will be kind of you, Made-moiselle," he said.

"Here we are called Miss," she told him. "And you will have to speak slowly at your lecture so that we can all understand you, because, naturally, we are thrilled."

"I think," he said, "that the Chinese grasp American humor."

Mrs. Wagner looked nervously at Rose and surreptitiously tugged at her sleeve. Rose moved away from her slowly and deliberately.

"And I would like to know," Mr. Feng said, "why you say fall in love. Why don't you say rise to love?"

Esther laughed. "That's very good," she said.

Rose looked at her and then laughed too. "It *was* good," she said, her voice warm.

"And now," Mr. Feng said, "I would like to present you to my friends, Mr. Wu Hong, Mr. Yen Wang, Mr. Chiang Paotzu, and Mr. Kuo Chang." Rose and Esther nodded their heads graciously.

"Well, now," Mrs. Wagner said, "now that you seem to be having such a pleasant time together, I'm going to take your mother away. I always think that children get along better by themselves."

THE group of young people stood silently for a while. Then Esther spoke. "Rose and I thought that you'd wear your national costume," she said.

The men laughed. "You are in school?" Mr. Kuo asked. "Where do you go to school?"

"Oh, at Mary Institute, of course," Rose said. "I'm a senior and Esther's a junior. We have a brother named Lon, who's at Princeton. And we have two younger sisters. One's eleven. That's Agnes. And one's six. That's Tootie."

"Our grandfather lives with us, too," Esther said. "And our maid's name is Katie."

"Oh?" Mr. Kuo said.

"Yes," Rose said. "We are a large family."

"And all so pretty?" Mr. Wu asked.

Rose blushed. "We are considered to be," she said.

"Rose has seven or eight fraternity pins," Esther said. "There's not another girl in town that has that many."

"Eight," Rose corrected her. "I have one DKE. That stands for Delta Kappa Epsilon. Two SAE pins, one Beta, and four others. The others don't count much."

SUMMARY IMPRESSION OF A SUNDAY BOOK SECTION

This book will fill a long-felt want,
It will delight Miss Blazely's readers,
This memoir of a maiden aunt
Has lovely tales of penguin breeders.

I turn the page and I behold
Thoughts of a foreign correspondent;
Unflinchingly his notes unfold
A time not topped with chocolate fondant.

On page 4 in an interview
A writer tells us how he writes:
Dinner at midnight; when he's through,
He scribbles through the lonely nights.

I rummage through the "News and Notes,"
And "Books Received" and "Books Forthcoming":
A textbook on "The Care of Goats,"
"A Lady Novelist Goes Slumming."

An author troubles to protest,
"Your critic took my meaning wrongly,
I meant the East and not the West."
One sees he feels about it strongly.

The Editor provides a thought;
"Flaubert is great but so is Dryden."
A music critic sets at naught
The myth of Mozart's debt to Haydn.

Among the masterpieces here
The Sabbath brings to our attention
Are several hundred more, I fear,
Than I feel called to read—or mention:

The garden books, the godly tracts,
The books on murder and who done it,
The pamphlets primed with fancy facts,
The Last War and Who Really Won It,

Queries and answers, books for kids,
Reprints and luxury editions,
Auctions, the prices asked, the bids,
Last week's mistakes, last week's omissions.

Genius is rampant in the town,
On any page on which I look;
This glut of brilliance gets me down;
No, no, I *will* not read a book!

—IRWIN EDMAN

"They count some," Esther said.
"Well, maybe," Rose admitted. "But the most important member in our family is Lon. He's home for Easter vacation now. He'll be a sophomore at Princeton next year and probably leader of the mandolin club. He plays the

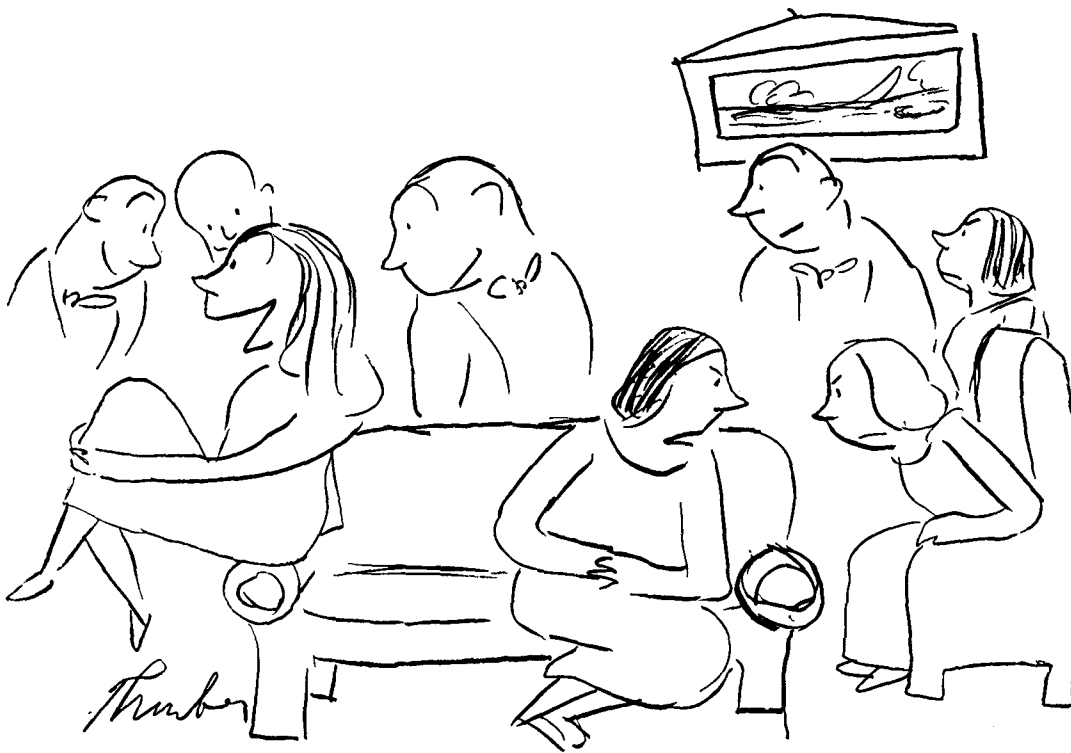
mandolin beautifully. And he's a mile runner besides."

"And he must be very proud of his sisters," Mr. Wu said.

"Oh, he is," Esther said. "Why, he took our pictures away with him to Princeton and they caused a sensation. Now, you must tell us something about yourselves."

The young men looked at one another and then looked at Rose and





*"She built up her personality
but she's undermined her character."*

Esther. "We have nothing that will compare with your stories," Mr. Feng said.

Esther shook her head and sighed. "I suppose not. I really think that more happens to our family than to any family in the world. I mean, for instance, today we went to the matinee and tonight we are here. And right in our house, this very minute, there are a dozen boys. Heaven knows what they're doing. And there's always something doing. Tootie breaks her arm a lot, and my grandfather is a very interesting man who fought in the Civil War. I suppose you've read about the Civil War? And then there's the World's Fair coming, which of course you know about. And—" She caught her breath. "Well, you can see how it goes."

Mr. Feng looked at the two girls. They seemed to him very young and alien. And he didn't know what they were talking about.

Rose smiled at him. "Do you mind if I ask you a very rude question?" she asked.

"Not at all," he said.

She looked over her shoulder and nodded toward the countess. "Well, you see that countess there," she said. "Now, this is very rude, but I would appreciate awfully if you would answer me directly and truthfully no matter how it

sounds. Do you honestly think that in any country she would be considered even passable? I mean, don't you think she's actually ugly?"

Mr. Feng glanced at the countess. "Yes, I think so," he said.

"And don't you think," Rose went on, "that her clothes look as though they were of the vintage of ninety-two?"

"They are strange indeed," Mr. Feng said.

Rose nodded at him, and Esther giggled. Then they all began to laugh. "Really, that was dreadful of me," Rose said. "But now we have something in common."

A waiter passed by with a tray loaded with glasses. Rose touched him lightly on the arm. "Would you like some punch, Mr. Feng Hsu?" she asked. "Or *voulez-vous du thé?*"

IT was after one when the party broke up. Rose and Esther were silent during the drive home, but as they started up the steps to their front porch, Rose said, "Ess, I'm just zizzy for everything Chinese, aren't you? I don't see why we can't fix up our room with joss sticks and vases and idols, do you?"

"You'll have no idols," Mrs. Smith said. As she took out her key she noticed that there was a light still burning in the dining room. She opened the door and

saw that the hall floor was damp. She walked through the living room into the dining room, where Mr. Smith and Grandpa Prophater sat at the table playing cribbage. She walked around the table and kissed her husband lightly on the cheek.

"Well," he said. "Have a good time, Anna?"

"I wouldn't say I had a good time, exactly," Mrs. Smith said. "It was an odd kind of time. The girls got along very nicely with some Chinese young men, but I can't say I cottoned to Mme. Roditi. She's a slinky sort. And the food wasn't so much, considering the way she's fixed up Mrs. Barnes' house as though it wasn't good enough for anybody in the first place."

Rose and Esther pulled two chairs close to the table and sat down. "We loved it," Rose said. "Slanting eyes, jet-black hair, and all."

Grandpa Prophater moved a white ivory peg on the board. "Funny thing happened here," he said. "For some reason,

Agnes and Tootie went down to the corner after dinner and began to yell at that Chinaman who has the laundry. He chased them with a flatiron. At least, that's what they said."

"The idea!" Mrs. Smith said. "You'll have to go down and speak to him. After all, they're just little girls and they don't mean any harm. You speak to him and I'll speak to them. I'll forbid them to go near him."

"I spoke to him," Mr. Smith said. "He just laughed and gave me a bag of nuts to take to them. From what I could understand, he was just having fun with them."

"Well, don't give them the nuts," Mrs. Smith said. "Goodness knows where he got them. They might poison the children if they ate them."

"They've eaten them," Mr. Smith said. "And I went up about ten minutes ago and they were still alive."

"Yes," Grandpa Prophater said. "They were alive. They weren't even asleep."

—SALLY BENSON

"When Harold Ickes telegraphed me five months ago and said: 'Can you be down tomorrow?' I threw up everything."

—Washington Times-Herald.

Well, that's the way he affects a lot of people.

* * * P R O F I L E S

A BUSINESSMAN, SIR

ALL sorts of people in Washington these days are likely to nod their heads in a dazed way after talking to Donald M. Nelson for a few minutes and then go around telling other people that he is a remarkable man, an exceptional man, a great man, a genius. At a New Deal cocktail party recently an excitable government official, groping for new words to describe him, blurted out enthusiastically, "This guy Nelson is the antithesis of practically everybody down here!" That is probably nearer the truth. Nelson's personality seems flabbergasting mostly because it appears against the background of wartime Washington. The city is overpopulated; it is topheavy with brains and teeming with originality, and there is a pervasive atmosphere of pushing and shoving, of pettifoggish sophistry and elaborate obliquity. Nelson is essentially simple, honest, and straightforward. He stands out in Washington, but he stands out like a sparrow in a cage of cockatoos. He is neither an idealist in love with the future nor a reactionary attached to a vanishing present. Among New Dealers inclined to be nervous and industrialists inclined to be stolid, he has the aspect of an authoritative and reassuring Rip van Winkle who has miraculously come into the government out of a distant past.

Nelson is a big, healthy businessman with thinning hair and oversized spectacles. His face is usually candid and solemn. He smiles and laughs carefully. His disposition is dour rather than gay and he has his feet on the ground where humor is concerned. He likes to see or hear a funny thing but has never been overwhelmed by the comic side of life. What humor he has of his own is emphatic or illuminative rather than farcical or satirical. If he disagrees with somebody, he usually says so politely but firmly. He has a habit, like Samuel Johnson's, of addressing whatever man he may be talking to as "sir." Having put that in, he is then inclined to express himself in unambiguous terms. He seems to have no cynicism or romanticism in his nature. His outlook is one of toleration. He is devoted to facts and always looks them in the face. His judgments of people are usually mild but unequivocal. He listened patiently, for example, while James Cromwell, the former Minister to Canada, talked economics to him through most of a dinner in Wash-

ington last year. "Cromwell's a clever fellow, don't you think?" somebody asked Nelson afterward. "No, sir. I think he's fuzzy," said Nelson.

Nelson is a very serious man. He has a hard, level head and gives in general the impression of being more reliable than brilliant, more reasonable than aggressive, and more self-contained than egotistical. Some of his friends say he ought to get out of himself more, ought to relax more. Others say he doesn't need to get out of himself because he is perfectly contented and at home there and that he has no reason to worry about relaxing because he never gets tense. He looks at ease most of the time but is inclined to purse his lips in a noticeable manner when he foresees an imminent struggle with his feelings. They are strong and well in hand. He seems to be able to live as fully as he wants to and to think and act intelligently. He is not sanctimonious. He thinks honesty and efficiency are perhaps the greatest human virtues and certainly the best policies. He likes to have a few highballs with his friends at night and maybe go to a night club to dance and see a floor show once in a while. He enjoys such an evening as much as the next businessman but is unlike many of his contemporaries in that he always gets up at seven o'clock in the morning and eats a breakfast of steak and potatoes, or broiled kidneys, or kippers and three scrambled eggs. Then he wants to go to a desk and work steadily until dinnertime, taking a quick snack at the desk around noon.

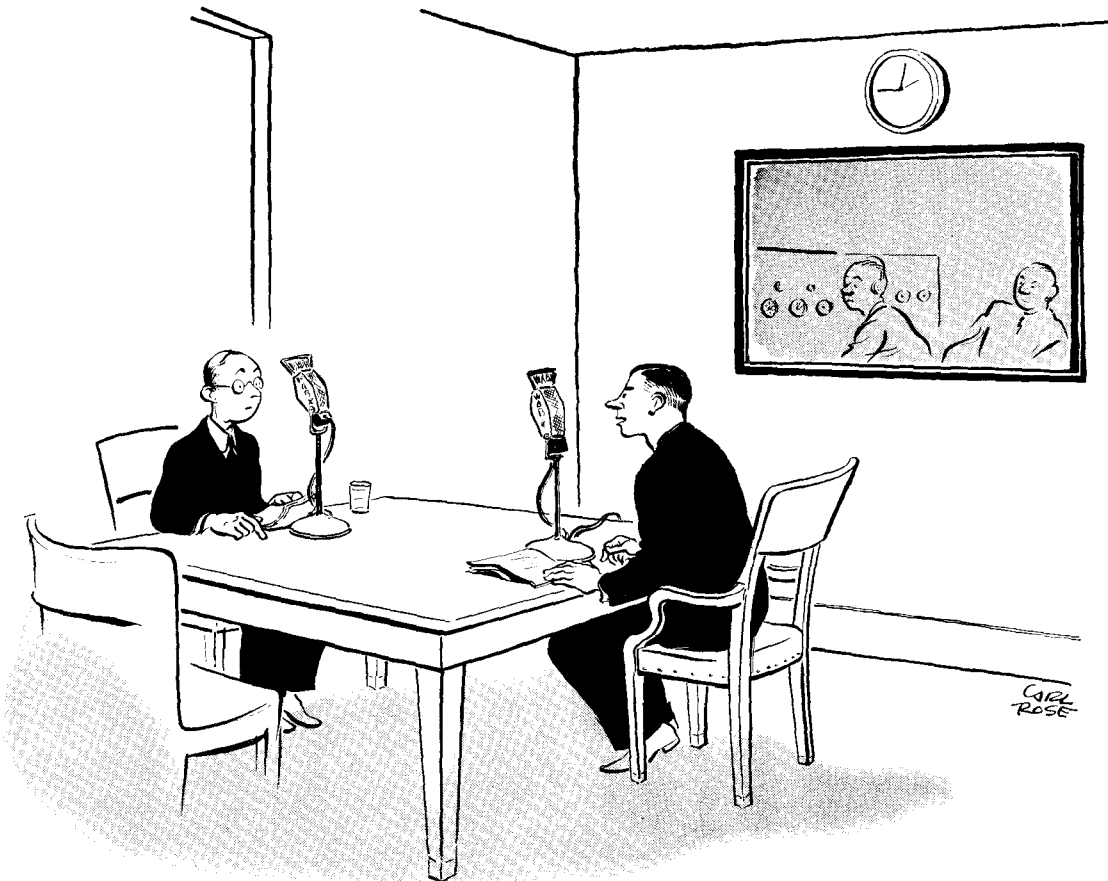
For thirty years Nelson's desk was at Sears, Roebuck & Co., the Chicago mail-order house, where he went to work immediately after graduating from the University of Missouri in 1911. Now his desk is in Washington, where, as chairman of the War Production Board, he is directing the entire war-production program. Nobody in Washington, except the President, has greater power. Nelson's authority, as described in the Executive Order of January 16th of this year which created his job, takes precedence over that of all other government agencies, including the War and Navy Departments, in anything having to do with "the policies, plans, procedures, and methods . . . in respect to war procurement and production, including purchasing, contracting, specifications, and construction; and including conversion,



Donald M. Nelson

requisitioning, plant expansion, and the financing thereof." He may "exercise the powers, authority, and discretion conferred upon him . . . through such officials or agencies and in such manner as he may determine; and his decisions shall be final."

Nelson wrote this Executive Order himself. His draft of it went to the Budget Bureau, which, for obscure and probably bureaucratic reasons, is supposed to look over such documents before they are signed by the President, and an official of the Bureau pointed out to Nelson that it was unheard of, unprecedented, and, as a matter of fact, probably illegal. "Who in hell's going to sue me?" asked Nelson. It was a flippant question soberly put. He had been in Washington for a year and a half, working first for the Treasury Department and later for the OPM as a dollar-a-year man on leave of absence with pay from Sears, Roebuck. He had expressed the opinion time and again that unless the men running the production program had the proper authority, the production program wouldn't be carried out. Before Pearl Harbor he had been thinking seriously of quitting the job he had then as head of the Purchasing Division of the OPM and going back to Chicago. After Pearl Harbor the President offered to give him whatever authority he thought he ought to have in order to direct the whole production program, and he quit Sears, Roebuck instead and took the full-time government job. When he had finished dictating his letter of resignation from the company, he permitted



"The opinions expressed by Mr. Blossom are not necessarily those of the sponsor, this station, or Mr. Blossom."

himself a moment of rank emotionalism. He looked out of his office window reflectively and then said to his secretary, with a thin smile, "That isn't an easy thing to do. It comes kind of hard." For Nelson, this was an outburst.

Testifying before a Senate committee shortly after he took the new job, Nelson said that he now had the authority he needed and that if the job wasn't done it would be nobody's fault but his own. "And you are ready to be the goat?" asked one of the senators. "Yes, sir," said Nelson. "I am ready to be the goat because I think this country expects it of me. I recognize this too, sir—that I have everything to lose and nothing to gain during this job."

NELSON was born in 1888 in Hannibal, Missouri, the home town of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. His boyhood was less harum-scarum than that of Twain's heroes and seems to have been more expertly managed. His mother died when he was three. His father was a locomotive engineer who never saw much of his son and never got to know him very well. The boy was brought up in the home of his maternal

grandmother, who in the eighteen-nineties was already an old lady. Photographs of her show that she wore high lace collars and that her lips were firm. She was a Scotch Presbyterian, kindly, strong, strict, energetic, and smart. No mere boy could pull the wool over her eyes.

Before Nelson was out of rompers he had come to the conclusion that he couldn't fool his grandmother and that, in order to have no trouble with her, he had to watch what he was doing all the time, even when he was out of her sight. She loved him in a grandmotherly way and he remembers her with affection. She managed to give her grandson the impression that right and wrong were not things she had thought up merely to exasperate him but that she was passing on to him certain rules of life which she had herself found useful in three-quarters of a century of successfully outwitting the Devil. She was religious but not prudish or visionary. She thought Satan a formidable adversary for strong men and women, God a well-meaning but often inefficient Supreme Being. She left with her grandson a clear understanding of the cleverness of the forces of evil and a certain

impatience with the rather muddling ways of the forces of good. She had conservative ideas about how to raise a child. She proceeded along lines that antedated not only Nelson's generation but his father's and mother's generation as well. With the wisdom of old age to stimulate her and no young or middle-aged folk around to quibble with her, she moved confidently backward into history and brought Nelson up as she might have brought up her own children a half-century earlier if she had been an old lady instead of a young lady in the eighteen-forties. Although Nelson is only fifty-four now, and spry, he seems to belong at least partly to a generation that died off before the horseless carriage was invented. He thinks and acts more like a nineteenth-century man than a twentieth-century man.

Nelson is remembered in Hannibal as a quiet, rather colorless young fellow

who played baseball and football competently but without distinction at the town high school and was so good in his studies that he won a scholarship to the state university. For some reason people used to say of him, "He'd make a good schoolteacher," and Nelson decided that this was probably what he wanted to be. The great question in the mind of a young man about to go to college in those days was: Do I want to be a Bachelor of Arts or a Bachelor of Science? More out of a disinterest in the arts than an interest in science, Nelson chose the latter. At the university he developed a liking for chemistry. When he got his B.S. in 1911 he decided to take a Ph.D. in that subject and then start teaching it. He had supported himself at college by doing odd jobs and now looked around for some way to earn money while studying for his Ph.D. Assisted by a recommendation from his chemistry professor, he obtained what he thought would be a temporary position as a chemist with Sears, Roebuck in Chicago. He never did get his Ph.D. but in time became executive vice-president of Sears.

A newspaper interviewer asked Nel-

son not long ago to give him a sketch of his career at Sears, and Nelson gravely jotted down the following prose poem: "Chemical engineer, 1912-21; mgr. of boys' and men's clothing dept., 1921-26; asst. in gen'l merchandising office, 1926-27; gen'l merchandising mgr., 1927-30; vice-pres. in charge of merchandising, 1930-39; executive vice-president and chairman exc. comm. since 1939." He sometimes speaks of Sears with the extravagant attachment that George F. Babbitt had for real estate, but without Babbitt's loquaciousness. He feels that Sears is a great institution and that it has fulfilled the American ideal of free enterprise because it has successfully competed with nearly all the American manufacturing concerns which are usually spoken of as monopolies. He thinks of the customers of Sears as a vast group of shrewd men and women who have never been fooled by the high-pressure advertising and high-pressure finance of the big-name manufacturers, and he thinks of them as being a majority in the country, not a minority. He is apt to mention that Sears deals with a million customers a day. "The American public are a damn smart bunch of people," he recently told a public-relations man who was discussing ways and means of feeding government information to the press. "I think all we have to do is tell them what's what."

Nelson was hired by Sears, Roebuck in 1911 because he seemed to be a likely young man with a fair knowledge of chemistry. Sears was setting up its own testing laboratories around that time and Nelson's first job was in these laboratories, where he devised tests for various kinds of merchandise and studied the reactions. After a short while the company thought enough of him to send him to the Lowell Textile Institute at Lowell, Massachusetts, for technical training and to let him spend some further time on his Sears salary learning additional facts about textiles in a New England woolen mill. For ten years he worked in the Sears testing laboratories and then got into the merchandising side of the business. As an executive, he was not timid or hesitant but he was painstaking and thorough. His

methods of working and even of playing are more scientific than adventuresome. He makes a hobby of photography, but the pleasure he gets out of this comes not from taking the pictures but from developing and printing them. "I'm not so crazy about the camera work itself," he once told an acquaintance. "What I really get a kick out of is fixing up the acid baths and then watching the blank print gradually take on the outlines of the picture until it finally comes up clear and sharp right before my eyes. I'd just as soon develop somebody else's pictures as my own, as a matter of fact."

THERE is nothing high-powered about Nelson's approach to his present job. He doesn't seem to have an exaggerated respect for traditional methods but, on the other hand, his in-

stinct is to get to the bottom of a situation before deciding on a new way to deal with it. He thinks a great amount of time is wasted by quick decisions which, having been unsound in the first place, cause immediate turmoil and subsequent backtracking. He is no blusterer and doesn't believe in action simply for the sake of action. When he took charge of the war-production program in Washington, some of his admirers in the New Deal were disappointed because he didn't create a great fuss his first day on the job. They thought he ought to fire people right and left, pitch out the whole OPM organization, and start fresh. Nelson's argument was that such a policy would stop the production program dead for two or three months. He has quietly fired twenty or thirty relatively high officials since then, but before he fired any of them he gathered all the



"Then he said people are supposed to forget conventions in times like these."



facts available and knew exactly what he was doing and who was going to replace whom. He is inclined to take the necessary time to collect information about a problem he is supposed to solve, but once he has the facts he loses no time in coming to a decision. Leon Henderson, who, in addition to being Federal Price Administrator, is in charge of the Division of Civilian Supply under Nelson, says that Nelson's mind is like that of a race-track totalizator. "The stuff goes in there," Henderson says, "and

when it comes out he knows what the odds are. It's automatic."

Nelson conceives of his job as that of a director rather than an administrator. He is the kind of executive who is able to delegate authority once he has made up his mind that he has picked the right man to do a job. Talking extemporaneously about his new organization at the end of his first press conference (of which there is a stenographic record), he said, "One thing I want to make plain to you is that I am not going to

try to do this job loading myself down with administrative responsibility. Nobody in America, I believe, can do this job if he attempts to administer the whole thing. When I didn't answer all your questions regarding administrative details it wasn't that I was trying to evade them. But I cannot load myself down with administrative responsibilities. I have got to do the major job of directing this thing, not administering it. I may never know everything about how we are going to do it. All I want to know



is that the job is being done and if it isn't, why it isn't. I mean I might get sunk into detail: How are you going to do this? How are you going to do that? No man in America can do this job if he tries to attend to all the intricate details that have to do with getting this job done."

He talks in a sort of freehand manner, without especial regard for syntax, and manages to achieve considerable clarity. In describing a new agency he had created, he said to the reporters, "I have set up a progress-reporting agen-

cy under Stacy May, and I hope that we will get it staffed. I think we have some good men that can do that work—that can follow intimately the progress of all the important items in this program and know exactly how they can be expected to come off the machines. This agency will view it not alone from the statistical point of view but from the point of view of projecting into the future, thinking in terms of what the bottlenecks are: how are the components fitting into the picture, have

all of the orders been placed, is production moving concurrently together—of all the things that have to meet in the final end and be assembled in one place. In other words, do we have guns for the tanks and are they meeting together, will they come out together and be an efficient tank as it comes off the line? All of that. I feel that is part of the job of this progress-reporting agency. To me, it is a very fundamental part of doing this particular job to know at all times exactly how this program is

going, and if it isn't, why—in detail.”

Describing another new agency he had in mind, he said, “I will set up a Planning Division, because I want a group of people around here, the best people I can get, to do a lot of thinking about how the job might be done better. They will have no administrative or executive functions. It will be their function to think through the problem of how this whole job might be done better and to be able to sit down and talk it over with any one of the division chiefs, directors of divisions, whether it be production or purchases or materials or the Division of Industry Operations or the Labor Division or any other place along this show. I want it staffed with the best people I can get who think in terms of planning and have more ideas about this thing. We are all operations people down here, and if you get immersed in operations, you don't have time to think about all the things you might have done. I want a group who are thinking all the time in terms of how the whole picture can be improved.”

The organization which Nelson has set up is easy to understand and easy to find one's way around in, which is almost unheard of for a government bureau. Directly under Nelson are six administrative divisions having to do with

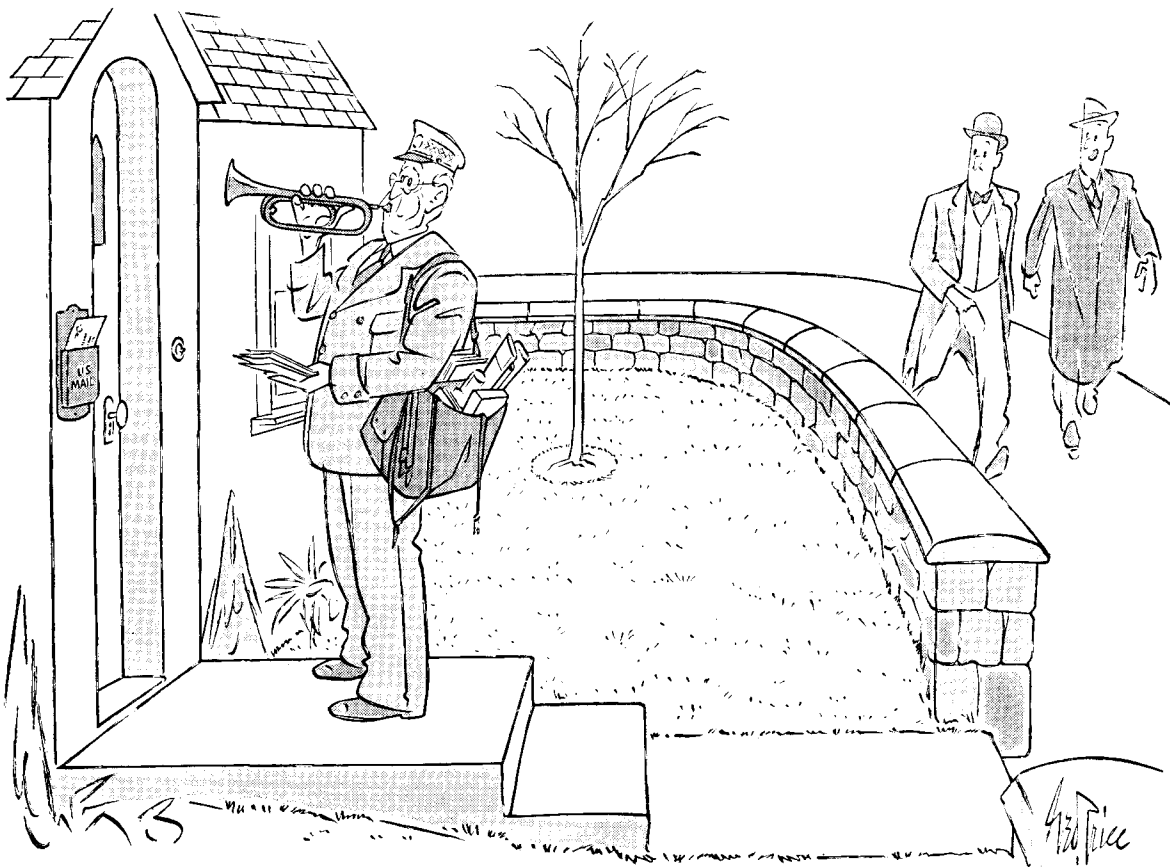
production, purchase, industrial operations, materials, civilian supply, and labor. These divisions are supposed to see to it that the Army and Navy get the war materials they want and that at the same time the civilian population gets the materials needed to keep the national economy from collapsing. Nelson's job is a good deal like the one he had as executive vice-president of Sears, Roebuck, except that it is bigger and harder. Every year, at Sears, Nelson had to find out from certain department heads how many of each of the hundred thousand-odd items in the forthcoming Sears, Roebuck catalogue were going to be needed and then see that other department heads got the goods and had them on hand when the orders started coming in. With its vast mail-order and chain-store business, Sears had to buy annually around \$750,000,000 worth of merchandise. As director of this gigantic operation, Nelson was actually the biggest buyer in the country. His job entailed not only purchasing but factory production and frequently factory conversion. It required an intimate knowledge of the industrial resources of the country, and it is probable that nobody in the country knew as much about them as Nelson, with the possible exception of the man who had the same job at the other great

mail-order house, Montgomery Ward. Nelson has robbed Sears of a good many men since he went to Washington and he has also taken several from Montgomery Ward to help him do his present job.

NELSON gets to his office around half past eight, reads the New York papers for fifteen or twenty minutes (he reads the Washington papers at breakfast), and after that studies the Daily Progress Report, the yard-square statistical sheet which his Statistics Division has prepared during the night and early morning. He spends anywhere from an hour to two or three hours on this and his secretaries try not to disturb him while he is going over it. From it, Nelson can actually see whether the tanks are ahead of schedule or lagging, how the bombers are coming along, whether raw materials are being produced in the quantities required. In such matters Nelson is imaginative. Every now and then as he studies the report he will telephone his statisticians to get what businessmen call a breakdown on some figure in order to find out, for example, whether it is guns or transmissions or carburetors that are holding up the production of tanks or planes in a certain plant. From this daily study, Nelson arms himself with facts and then sees the division heads he thinks he ought

to see to find out what can be done about the troubles he has discovered. Big and small developments follow these conferences. Word may go down the line to a field supervisor in Cleveland or Pittsburgh to get over to such-and-such a plant and straighten out the carburetor trouble, or the construction of a new blast furnace for steel production may be started on the West Coast, as one was not long ago. With this part of his job, Nelson is thoroughly at home and full of confidence. He watches the production program as he used to watch the production program at Sears; he knows what the figures mean and he knows what to do about them.

The other part of Nelson's job is to try to stir up businessmen,



“Makes quite a ceremony out of those draft notices, doesn't he?”



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show my face with
Charles of the Ritz
hand-blended
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Wear a head-turning hat. You can afford to attract attention, with face powder that is hand-blended expressly for your skin by CHARLES OF THE RITZ. Fashioned by a CHARLES OF THE RITZ blending expert to bring out your loveliest natural skin tones. Face powder that kindles complexion radiance with the pat of a puff! Have your own personal powder shade made today! \$2, \$3, \$5. Introductory box, \$1. At fine stores.



workingmen, and men and women in general and get them to realize that they will have to make sacrifices if they want the country to win the war. His speeches have been reasonable and to the point. "You can't stop a *Panzer* division with a row of electric refrigerators," he said as far back as last May, when he was Director of Purchases of the OPM. Later on he said, "American business did not become the admiration of the world through a process of sitting on its hands and yelling for government help whenever the going got tough. This situation is a direct and immediate challenge to the American businessman. As businessmen, we do not dare assume that our only hope is in government action, for if we do, we confess that we do not think our free-competition system will work any longer." Speaking to the National Association of Manufacturers after Pearl Harbor, he said, "If any of you men have war contracts pending which are being held up while you negotiate over terms, or while your lawyers are ironing out details, get in production now and settle the details later. To hell with stopping to count the cost. Start turning out the stuff and we can argue the terms at our leisure. Turn it out by inefficient methods if necessary and figure out better ones as you go along—but get the stuff moving whatever happens."

Nelson drafts his own speeches and then has a public-relations man go over them and make suggestions, some of which he accepts. He doesn't worry about public relations as much as most of his fellow government officials do, because of his simple belief that the public is smart and that all an official has to do is tell it the truth. His idea of an American citizen is not one who giggles over a Jack Benny radio program or who can absorb information only if it is tricked up with snappy photographs. Soon after he took his present job he turned down a project laboriously worked up by a council of advertising men and radio sponsors. They proposed that he speak for five minutes every night in the middle of the radio programs having the highest Crossley ratings. He also turned down a publicity campaign patriotically conceived by Mr. Steve Hannagan, the press agent, by which Hannagan hoped to sell factory workers the war-production program much as he had sold the upper middle classes Miami Beach. Hannagan proposed to inspire the workers by means of posters, movies, and radio programs, all of which were to contain the wallopingly unfortunate phrase "Speed up!" In word and

action, Nelson tends to shun the inane folderol of up-to-the-minute American trade and commerce. An official from another government department asked him recently if he was "streamlining" his organization. "I suppose so, sir," said Nelson, "only I don't like that term 'streamlining' because it doesn't mean anything much." Soon after Nelson went to Washington, a writer of newspaper feature stories tried to pin him down as to just what word ought to be used to describe him. "You are an executive, something of a scientist, a technological expert, and so on, and I don't

know how to say what you are," the writer confessed. "Why, I'm a businessman, sir," said Nelson.

Nelson is not impressed by so-called big business, nor does he think the labor movement is the salvation of the country's industrial problems. At Sears, Roebuck he watched big business overexpand itself in the boom years and crash in the depression while his own company just kept on selling reliable articles at fair prices to people who found what they wanted in the catalogue and sent for it. Sears never had any serious labor troubles and Nelson is inclined to think that no company does as long as it pays reasonable wages. He believes in labor unions and in collective bargaining but isn't so sure about the closed-shop issue. At any rate, he isn't at present bothered by any of the large questions involved in the capital-labor situation. All of his energies are concentrated on the single purpose of making the war-production program work. His patriotism is elemental. He doesn't want his country to lose the war.

NELSON sees a great many people every day and makes dozens of telephone calls, both local and long-distance. He listens to people patiently and talks to them in easy, unexcited tones. He smokes a pipe constantly, changing to a fresh one every few hours. His secretaries gave him a pipe rack for Christmas and it sits on his desk, which is uncluttered and free of papers except when he is working on them. He has a genuine fondness for people and a need to like them, but is not undone if they don't like him. He attracts people mostly by showing an interest in what they say and an apparent sympathy with their motives for saying it. Men who work for him are devoted to him. He seems to make them want to please him. He sees the President once or twice a week, attends Cabinet meetings, and talks to generals and admirals, industrialists, economists, labor people, and congress-

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is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight,
for service men in uniform only. Good,
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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 34

men. He works and talks without apparent strain, but something in his manner serves to remind his callers that a war is going on. Occasionally he calls this fact to their attention in so many words. "This is a war!" he has said to numberless individuals who for one reason or another hadn't seemed to have got that into their heads. "Every week is two per cent of a year," he is likely to remark grimly from time to time. A placard on his office wall asks, "A year from now, what will we wish we had done today?"

Nelson actually does little but work. He keeps out of the social life of Washington as much as he can, and his dinners, and often his breakfasts, are likely to be conferences with men he wants to talk to. Nelson gave up a \$70,000-a-year job when he quit Sears, Roebuck. His government salary is \$15,000. He lives as a bachelor in a three-room apartment in one of the quiet residential districts of Washington while his wife, for the time being, stays on in Chicago. They were married in 1926 and have no children.

In spite of his calmness and efficiency, Nelson isn't cold or callous. He is obviously a passionate man with self-control, a warm-hearted man with great reserve and considerable humility. He sometimes refers to his temper with awe when he is sitting around with a friend or two after dinner. "I damn near lost my temper today," he will say, or, "I certainly thought I was going to lose my temper that time." Nobody in Washington has seen him lose it yet. Not long ago a pipsqueak congressman, arguing with Nelson in Nelson's office over some matter of special privilege, said to him, "Mr. Nelson, I think you are just a damn liar." One of Nelson's division heads was in the room at the time and so was a secretary. Nelson jumped up from his desk and in an instant was standing over the congressman with his big arms lifted and his wide shoulders hunched. But then he pursed his lips. He kept them pursed for a second or two and said, "I trust you will now leave my office, sir, since we have no further business to conduct." Then he went back and sat down at his desk, ready for the next appointment. "You know, I almost let go then," he remarked to his division head. "I sure did feel like slapping that congressman down." —ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

Answers by readers, if any, will appear in the next issue.—First Aid Journal.

Come, now, that's not the spirit.

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April 6th to 19th Incl.
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"RUSSIAN SOLDIER" by Fokine, based
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Evenings including Sunday, 85c to \$3.85.
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A Farce By NOEL COWARD
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LIFE WITH FATHER
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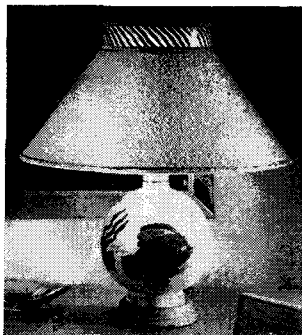
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MEMORY OF THINGS PAST

IF you are as strongly attracted by the Prohibition Era as I am, you ought to like "Johnny 2 X 4," at the Longacre, because the joint it deals with is a little like every speakeasy you were ever in in your life. Maybe not very much like any one in particular, but amazingly effective in its suggestion of them all. From the little lamps shaped like starfish and ingeniously designed not to give any light, right up to the drunken lovers in the booth in the back—the past is all there. If your nose is sensitive enough, you may even be able to get a trace of the old smell, which can never be described except by saying that it has something to do with not airing a room for five years.

Since art demands a few concessions from life, the goings on in this lovely place are not precisely like anything I remember from my own experiences under Volstead. I have never, that is, been in Mike's or Jerry's or Melio's at the moment when a dying man crawled in through the basement window and a dead one fell out of the telephone booth. Nor do I ever remember hearing underworld conspiracies discussed quite so freely in the presence of the out-of-town customers. Johnny 2 X 4's, in fact, is rather more the way I'd like to think of the typical speakeasy as having been than the way it actually was. This, however, is not to be taken as a complaint. A beautiful young woman sings "Deep Night," a mysterious figure glides upstairs, there is the sound of gunfire, and this approximate succession of events takes place not just once but practically every five minutes. It may not be life, but I'm damned if it is a bore.

I don't know what else you need to know about "Johnny 2 X 4." The plot, as noted, is exciting, if elementary; the prose, though certainly not distinguished, is serviceable enough; and there are many small observations on the customs of a lost era that should be fascinating to the historian and deeply moving to the survivors. I heard one fashionable type say, "Do you mind if I smoke?," which would have been a preposterous remark in the nights when I roamed

Fifty-second Street, but otherwise I believed every bit of it.

The cast, while probably containing no major talents, includes, by my count, some sixty-five people, a majority of whom seem to me both interesting and competent. Jack Arthur, Barry Sullivan, Evelyn Wyckoff, Marie Austin, Bert Frohman, and Harry Bellaver are among them and I admire them all. Some extra musical interludes (when characters aren't getting shot, they sing) are provided by the Yacht Club Boys and a trumpeter called Leonard Sues, who goes to town, as the saying apparently was only the day before yesterday. Howard Bay's set, though theoretically based on some hangout in the Village, is a fine composite of all those mysterious interiors which once made New York about the most cheerful city in the world.

REGARDING "Johnny Doodle," at the Popular Theatre (320 West Fifty-seventh Street), I'm afraid my attitude is Philistine and cold. Once, in a women's college in the East, I listened to a young relative of mine announce (in song) that she was the inventor of the cotton gin and expected to revolutionize American production methods. Her performance seemed to me worthy

but embarrassing, and I'm afraid that "Johnny Doodle" affected me in much the same way. The proceedings cover the history of this country from the Boston Tea Party to the Lincoln administration, and they appear to take place in the head of a whimsical ferryboat

captain. There is not much scenery but there are some rather nice musical embellishments. On the whole, though, I suspect that this work should be put down as an attempt at uplift, and discouraged.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

Q. Are payments on debts contracted by men inducted into the armed forces automatically postponed until the termination of their service?—*Rocky Mountain News.*

No. The men pay as they go.





"My blood-pressure be damned, you're sitting on my Stetson!"

YOU NEEDN'T GET quite so excited, Mr. Mothball. Nothing short of a major disaster can work any real devilment on a Stetson "Vita-Felt."

There's a spring-steel feeling to a "Vita-Felt" that tells you what a comeback it can stage. And that's due to a special process used, as far as we know, by no one except Stetson. Yet it's light. It's soft. And it

has a luxurious feel that stays with it to the end.

No foreign hat-maker ever turned out a better light-weight felt. And remember, this "Vita-Felt" is made by American craftsmen, at American wages, working American hours ...Think that over, the next time the band plays the National Anthem and you grab for your hat.

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You carefully choose your friends . . . your clothes . . . your music . . . your books, don't you? Then why be satisfied with any California wine? Say Colcombet and get wine made with old world skill of choice grapes selected from the finest valleys in California! You'll taste the difference! The cost? Only a few cents more! COLCOMBET CALIFORNIA WINES

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 22 (BY CABLE)

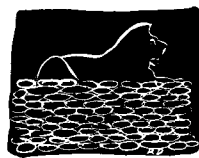
WITHOUT reservation, the British seemed to feel that the best news of the week and of several weeks past was the appointment of General MacArthur and his arrival in Australia. The universal chorus of enthusiasm, both public and private, was a nice reply to the propaganda the Germans have been putting on the air for some time in the hope of chilling British homes with the notion that Downing Street is now answerable to the White House and that Britain is coming more and more under the domination of the United States. Millions of British homes remained comfortably unchilled by Australia's eager welcome to the new commander and by Mr. Curtin's request that the Pacific War Council be located in Washington rather than in London. The thought is realistically accepted here that, regardless of the sentiment involved—if, indeed, any sentiment has managed to survive the recent gruelling tests of bitterness and criticism—common sense must inevitably swing Australia toward the young rather than the old country for support at this stage of the war.

What lots of anxious people in the old country can only regard as highly unfortunate is the current triangle situation which has developed because of Mr. Churchill's decision, so irksome to Mr. Curtin, that Mr. Casey would be more useful in the Middle East than as Australian Minister to the United States. This has created a setup similar to the old one of the daughter who resents what looks like maternal interference and accuses the old girl of having stolen her best beau. It's feared that, with family relations on the strained side anyhow, the latest crop of misunderstandings, however honestly arrived at, won't exactly have conciliatory effects.

The MacArthur appointment so cheered London that an alarmed press had to rush and point out that it was too early to be talking of tides turning and that the job the General now had on his hands was roughly comparable to defending the British Isles with a force only big enough to make an impressive showing on the little Isle of Wight. The public, which has the notion fondly implanted in its mind that the General can't spell the word "defend," didn't seem to share this concern; it is inclined to think that MacArthur and not Foch was responsible for the saying "My right has been rolled up, my left

has been driven back, my centre has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions." That, to people fed up with parrying blows instead of giving them, sounds pretty much like what they want to hear.

THE press itself has made news in various ways this past week. The shortage of newsprint resulted in fewer



papers on the stands and readers have been urged to go back to the Victorian custom of sharing their copies with neighbors. Those with a partiality for the *Daily Mirror* were faced with the possibility that they might soon find themselves without a copy to lend to anyone when the Home Secretary came out with a plain warning in the House of Commons that the paper would join the *Daily Worker* in the outer darkness of suppression if it didn't mend its caustic manners fairly quickly. The parentage of the *Mirror* is an old mystery which the House proceedings failed to clear up, although a Socialist member asked, bang-out, who owned it and a Conservative member twice suggested, without getting an answering bite, that Hearst was at least a parent.

Orphan though the *Mirror* may be, it didn't lack powerful champions to jump in and declare that while its way of presenting the news might depress half the public and enrage the other half, the country would suffer a defeat indeed if the cherished freedom of the press to speak its mind were imperilled. The *Mirror's* colleagues in Fleet Street have rallied round and accused the Home Secretary of threatening to use an emergency regulation which was framed only for use in an invasion. Every degree of journalistic opinion has been heard in the ensuing rumpus, from a dignified reproof in the *Times* to the dictum of Beaverbrook's *Express* that "the purpose of this war is to enable every man to be able to speak his mind and pray to his god" and the *Mirror's* own breathless editorial sentence: "If we are called defeatist, unpatriotic, irresponsible, and dangerous, it is manifestly useless to defend ourselves against those who have succeeded in convincing themselves that we have the monopoly of a sort of criminality in criticism."

THE big local news of the week, however, was not concerned so much with paper as with coal, which is finally to be rationed, together with gas



● *Lavender... The Breath of Spring* The ever-youthful, ever-happy fragrance of Yardley English Lavender is as fresh and informal as the very breath of Springtime . . . waiting, at your favorite fine store, to lend winsome enhancement to your own most feminine charm. Wear Yardley English Lavender for all informal occasions . . . and let him wonder what it is that makes you utterly irresistible! . . . Four convenient sizes, priced at \$1, \$1.50, \$1.90 and \$3.30.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.



**GRIPE if you will -
but STAY IN THERE and
PITCH!**

Things aren't going so well with us right now.
True enough, but it's strictly a temporary condition.
We can lose this war? *Horsefeathers!*

If we can stand up like the Marines on Midway
Island, what can threaten a continent like the Western
Hemisphere? Nothing—short of God's will.

So, while we're fighting for the privilege to gripe,
Stay in There and Pitch!

AMERICA—AT WORK—IS INVINCIBLE!

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and electricity. Coal is a very grave problem indeed, which the coming summer will have to settle; otherwise, vital industries are going to be pinched and a vast number of Britons are going to have the problem settled for them by an epidemic of pneumonia next winter. The chief reasons given for the paradoxical shortage of what Britain so abundantly possesses are difficulties of transport and the drafting into other industries and the Army of some seventy thousand of the youngest and huskiest coal hewers. It is being urged that the miners who are now in the forces should be released to meet the emergency, but a House of Commons debate on the subject seemed to show that the trouble goes deeper than the draft. There is the old bitter conflict between the miners and the owners, in which the miners are now alleging that they are being exposed to additional fatigue and danger and, what's more, that the public is getting inferior coal palmed off on it by the practice some owners have of working only the poorest seams and so keeping the more fertile seams for the days of unlimited profits they expect after the war. Leftists insist that such ugly evils can be knocked on the head only by a complete nationalization of the industry, which they believe would result in stepping up the morale of the mine workers. Lots of people besides Leftists honestly believe that it is about time some use was made of the powers to conscript private property which were voted way back in the bad days of 1940.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

He searched out her chin with his forefinger and turned it upward. "If I kiss you once more," he said deliberately, "I'll never be free again. I'll never know peace again without you. Nothing I've planned to do will ever matter quite so much as it did. But don't get me wrong. Don't think I'm not going to kiss you—once more."

And when he had done so, at his leisure—"Good night," he whispered, and reached backward for the knob, and with a last long smiling look at her from the threshold, closed the door on himself and was gone.

Elizabeth stood there, her eyes a little dazed. He had still not asked her to marry him.—*From "From This Day Forward," by Elswyth Thane, in Liberty.*

The bounder!

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From a movie adv. in a Detroit paper*]

CIVIC-DETROIT, Kelly Rd. Open 6:00 P.M. Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, "DR. JEKYLL AND MRS. HYDE."

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

BROOKLINE, MASS.
MARCH 16, 1942

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

MR. C. LESTER WALKER's excellent piece about Hannes Schneider sent me to bed with a bad case of nostalgia, for in it he mentioned the *Skimeister's* birthplace, the little town of Stuben am Arlberg, where I spent a couple of months with my family—could it be ten years ago?—learning to like the Austrians and incidentally learning, too, the rudiments of skiing.

Hannes did well to be born in Stuben. If you don't mind being born forty-seven hundred feet above sea level, you couldn't pick a better place. As towns go, it is not impressive; there's the inn, and the little church, and a dozen other buildings, all smothered in anything up to ten feet of clean powder snow, and, on three sides of the town, jagged black cliffs shooting up two thousand feet. In 1807, only yesterday in local history, the mountain to the north shook off its blanket of snow and half the village was swept away. Since that time the houses have huddled behind a great stone avalanche wall, twenty feet high by forty thick by a hundred yards long, with a slot for the road that goes on up over the Arlberg Pass and a loophole for a brook. They've never had another avalanche like that one, but it wouldn't surprise them if they did.

The practice slopes lie round the village at the foot of the cliffs; the real skiing country is above and behind them, three and four thousand feet further up, great, steep acres of open snow. I don't seem to remember people trying to ski very fast in Austria, unless they were in a race. Skiing was "a way of life," all right, but even more, it was a fine art, and specifically a way—the only way—of getting up into the mountains and down again. No doubt Hannes is too polite to say so, but he must be appalled by the way American skiers feed hastily at North Conway lunch counters and hurl themselves down the hills at top speed. A way of death, he probably thinks when he's alone.

We arrived at Stuben on nothing more than the word of a Paris travel bureau: my wife and I, our young niece, and our four daughters, running from three to twelve, all of us dressed up in curious, baggy blue garments which Paris had claimed to be the fashion that year and all filled with an innocent itch

to play in the snow. We came for a week and stayed two months.

The Gasthof Alte-Post has been making travellers happy and comfortable and feeding them well, no doubt, since it first opened for business in 1410. The most recent proprietors have been seven generations of the Fritz family. They ought to have learned something about innkeeping, and they have. When you ordered tea, for instance, they'd send in forty pieces of hot toast and a washbasinful of clear, mountain honey. The little, limping waiter (he could ski a lot better than he could walk) would then invariably ask the children, "Veesh you kek?," and then bring in the best part of a hefty chocolate kek, in six-inch wedges, which the kids would polish off without a quiver. On Sunday evenings (maids' night off) there would be tea, baked potatoes, wrapped in paper to keep them hot, and great platters of butter and ham and tongue and cold beef, the meat cut paper-thin and arranged in curls, like a bouquet of flowers. Our eight-year-old daughter was so addicted to the thin ham that she'd sneak a pocketful to put under her pillow and eat at night if she woke up. Everything was clean and snug and friendly. There were ex-votos and crucifixes all over the place, and under the wide eaves the pastel walls were covered with ten-foot saints, the work of itinerant artists who had painted for bed and board.

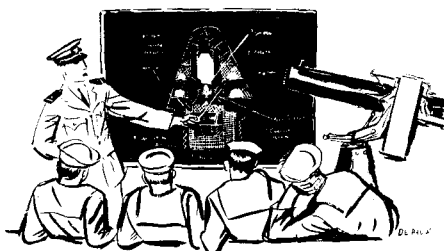
Hannes Schneider's married sister kept the village ski shop. She was a gentle, smiling woman, always in black, and sold skis of Canadian hickory, made in Norway and finished in Austria for a fraction of the price you have to pay over here today. Her grave daughter Rosa, who helped in the shop, was not only a gazelle on skis but one of the most beautiful young women I've ever seen. One of Hannes' brothers ran the ski school at the neighboring town of Zürs—a big place with a dozen hotels. Another and elder brother, a handsome, silent old peasant, drove one of the little one-horse sleds that met the trains down the valley at Langen, and used to drop in at the inn, all frosted mustaches and sheepskins, for a glass of hot wine between trips. There was no barrier between villager and guest. We

would all drink wine and dance and sit around together in the evening, and most of us had a lot to learn from the townspeople about gentleness and courtesy. Anything more un-German than the Austrian mountain folk would be hard to find.

A tall, soft-spoken, smiling young man named Hans Steiner really ran the inn, under the shrewd and steely eye of Frau Fritz. For uniform, he wore a sweater and no tie. He acted as clerk, concierge, treasurer, postmaster, and host; he did card tricks for the children and gracefully persuaded shy guests to join the dancing, which took place every evening in the stone-floored lobby to the music of an electric phonograph. They had a dance called the *Bayerische Polka*, for shaking strangers together. You whirled wildly, changing partners every three measures and coming up, maybe, with one of the village waitresses (if she wasn't too tired to dance that night) or with another guest—a Czech, perhaps, or an Italian, a Hollander, a South African, a Javanese, or a member of one of the other eighteen nationalities which were represented during our visit. They were professional men and women, mostly—doctors, teachers, artists, engineers. They all got along fine.

The head ski teacher was a young man named Albert Walch, who, like Hannes Schneider, was born in Stuben. His slim, pretty little blonde wife, Eve, who was like a bird on skis, was one of the only two Germans I've ever met whom I liked without reservation. She had charm and simplicity, grace and humor. She and Albert were a good-looking pair. Albert stood about five feet five, with legs like thin steel bars, thick black hair, and eyes like blue swords. A natural aristocrat and a born teacher (with a better education he could have taught anything), he instructed his polyglot classes with serious good humor in a mixture of French and German, patiently explaining over and over again that the famous Arlberg crouch was not and never had been a crouch but a leaning forward on the skis; *Vorlage*, in fact. When Eve joined us for a day in the mountains, Albert would take along their little wire-haired fox terrier, letting him ride in his rucksack, nose and paws sticking out of the top, perfectly happy.

Bubi, the youngest teacher, was a serious, brown-faced village boy who used to take the kids off on long mountain trips after they'd learned to ski a little and bring them back sick with happiness. He spoke not a word of anything but German and they nothing but French and English, yet after such a



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trip the little girls would tell us in detail all about Bubi's life and his hopes and ambitions, including his longing to cross America in a covered wagon and fight the Indians, all of which he had told them by drawing pictures in the snow with a stick. When we had to leave at last, Bubi skied the three miles down to the station with our youngest on his shoulders and got aboard the train, followed by Wotan and Bari, the great hotel St. Bernards; everybody cried buckets and we had a hell of a time getting Bubi and the dogs off the train.

A few years later my wife and I went back to Stuben without the children. We found the little hotel full of drearily joyous German *Jugend*, without grace or manners, and the faces of our Stuben friends full of approaching doom—death-house faces. They knew. We stayed only a few days and said a sad goodbye. Three weeks later came the *Anschluss*.

Where are they now, the men of the old Stuben families—Schneiders, Fritzes, Walches, Richtlers, Mathies—fine, simple mountain folk, steeped in decent traditions? Who knows? Albert's five older brothers were killed in the last war. No doubt he and his brother Willi, the famous downhill racer, and all the other Arlbergers of military age have been shoved into a ski regiment to do their stuff against the Russians.

Yours faithfully,
 DONALD MOFFAT

One store also installed on its counters the hand devices that have proved invaluable to London residents in extinguishing fires—stirrup cups.—*The Journal & American*.

Anybody know any good toasts?

M. Kaufman returned Tuesday to Gastonia after visiting his daughters, Misses Miriam and Frances Kaufman, in Washington. The former is enjoyed by the War Department, and the latter by the Treasury Department.—*Gastonia (N.C.) Daily Gazette*.

Well, we're all doing our bit these days.

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[From the *Arizona Daily Star, Tucson*]

Verbatim report from the police blotter of yesterday: "Manuel Holguin, 316 West Forty-first street, kissed a girl at the Coney Island on South Meyers and nearly passed out, claiming he had been poisoned, by lipstick. Checked with stomach pump at the county hospital. Report unfounded."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LARSEN, the steward of the Regnbue, a Norwegian tanker on which I recently made a crossing from London, had it figured out that in order to get to New York by Christmas, we would have to leave the west coast of England by December 7th. "We get off with lucky seven and in seventeen days we come to New York," he said. "Get there Christmas Eve, the immigration officers ain't working, and we stay on the ship until December 26th." This was a sample of what I got to know as Scandinavian optimism. We didn't reach even the first of our two assembly ports until December 5th, so it looked certain that we would spend Christmas at sea. We were seventy-two hours going up the east coast from London, anchoring each night because of heavy fog. The second time we anchored, Larsen began getting out and repairing the green-and-red paper Christmas decorations that formed part of the tanker's stores. He went about his work during the day muttering a sad little refrain that I sometimes caught myself repeating: "No newts, no frewts, no yin for drinking."

The crew looked forward to spending its shore leave in Brooklyn, even if we got to New York after Christmas. To a Norwegian the finest part of the United States is Brooklyn. For the duration of the war it is the Norwegian fatherland. When a Norwegian seaman meets an American, he usually begins the conversation with "I got a cousin in Brooklyn." Haraldsen, the second officer, had two brothers there. Larsen pretended to be supercilious about Brooklyn, but he fooled nobody on the Regnbue. The Regnbue had been in the Thames for only a couple of days, and few of her men had gone into London. The ship had been anchored at such an awkward distance from the city that it had hardly seemed worth the journey. Some men had got drunk at a hotel not far from the oil dock. Others had not even set

WESTBOUND TANKER~II

foot on land. Corpus Christi, Texas, the ship's last American port of call, had not been exactly a Brooklyn, either.

Olsen, the carpenter; Grung, the radio man; and I were visiting the steward and drinking coffee on one of the foggy nights and Olsen said, "The last time I was in Brooklyn I didn't take my shoes off for three weeks. My feet was so swollen I had to cut my shoes off." Olsen was a man who liked to startle people. "It must have been good liquor you were drinking," I said. This was just the kind of opening Olsen wanted. He put his head on one side and looked at me fixedly for a full half-minute, as if I were a dangerous lunatic. "Good liquor!" he finally said, contemptuously. "A man is a fool to drink good liquor. I never drink liquor that tastes good." He stared at me again, as if expecting me to leap at his throat, and then said, "Because why? I get drinking it too fast. Then I get drunk too quick. The best thing is whiskey that

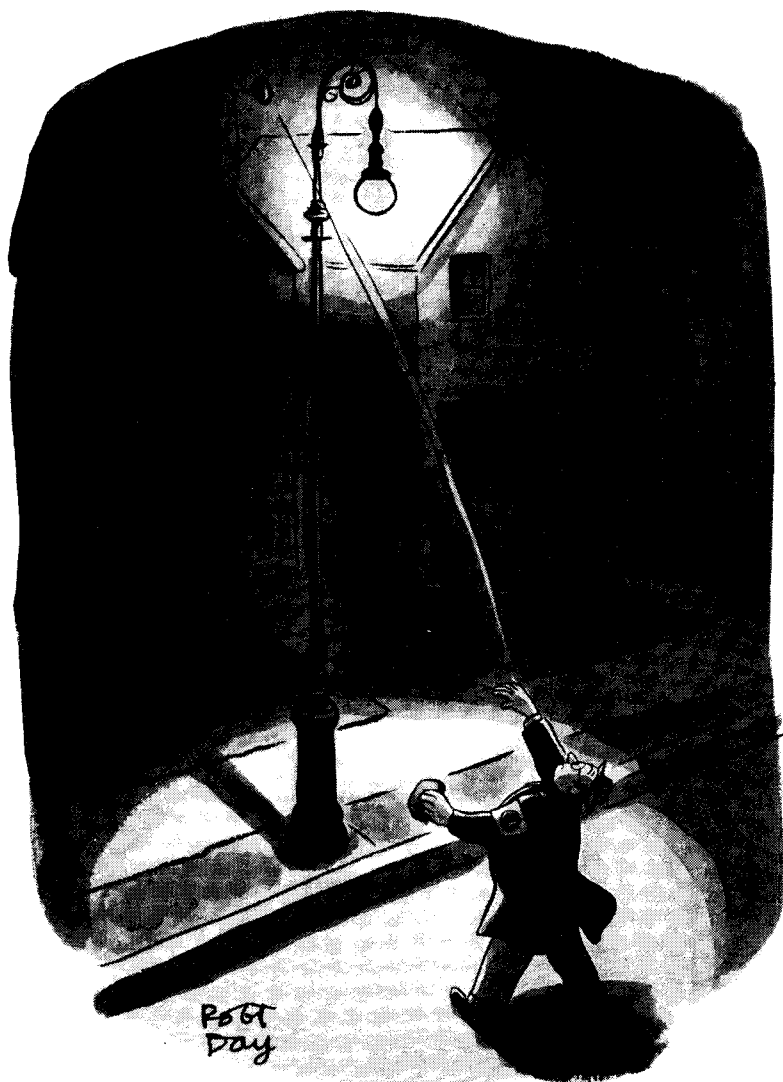
tastes bad. Then you stop between drinks about ten minutes, until you need another one. Then you can keep on drinking for a month." The carpenter was a solid, rectangular fellow of fifty, with blue eyes set wide apart in a boiled-ham face. He could make a davit out of iron pipe or reseal a rattan chair with equal competence. He was the ship's delegate of the Norwegian Seamen's Union, to which all the men belonged.

The steward lay in his berth at the summit of a stack of drawers. There was no other place for him, because the rest of us occupied all the chairs. He said, "In Brooklyn I live in Hotel St. Yorge. Yentleman! I don't go on Court Street in Eyetalian saloons. I just buy good old bottle aquaviv and go to my room and drink like yentleman. Go to Norweeyan church Sunday and put five dollars in collection. Brooklyn women too smart. Better leave 'em alone."

The radioman said that once he and some shipmates had been in a taxi-dance hall near Borough Hall and had asked a couple of hostesses to sit down and

have a drink. The hostesses had charged them four dollars apiece for their time. "You got more for your money in Constanta," he said. Constanta, in Rumania, used to be a great port for Norwegian tankers before the war. "We had a man on one ship going down to Constanta," the carpenter said, "and he wouldn't believe all we told him about it. He said he had been in every other port in the world and he wouldn't lose his head in Constanta. So he went ashore one night, and two days later we seen a man walking down on the dock with nothing on but his socks, and it was him. Always lots of fun in Constanta."

The steward found this so amusing that he reared up on the back of his neck and kicked the ceiling. He had been a leading light of the gymnastic society in a small town in southern Norway, and he liked to use the edge of his



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berth as a gymnastic bar. He spent a good deal of time composing letters to English and American girls on a portable typewriter he had in his cabin, and when he was at a loss for an English phrase he would get up, face his berth, and jump high in the air, twisting in time to land in a sitting position. Usually three or four jumps would bring him the phrase he wanted and he would return to his typewriter. The steward called his cabin Larsen's Club, and the atmosphere was congenially ribald except when Captain Petersen was there. The skipper came in every night for his three cups of coffee. Captain Petersen was a friendly man who did not stand on formality, but he was a Methodist and a teetotaler. He didn't try to deter anybody else from drinking or talking randy, but Larsen seldom kicked the ceiling when the skipper was around. All the men were cut off from their home country and lonely, and the Captain was the loneliest of all. Once he said to me, "It isn't so bad for a man who drinks and—" He stopped suddenly, as if just understanding what he had said, and went off to his cabin looking miserable.

At meals with Captain Petersen I had plenty of time for eating, because there was not much conversation. Once he said, as he began on his first plate of cabbage soup, "I have an uncle in New York who has been fifty-two years with the Methodist Book Concern." Twenty minutes later, having finished his second helping of farina pudding, he said, "He came over in a wind-yammer." On another occasion he said, "We had a Chinaman on the ship once. When we came to Shanghai he couldn't talk to the other Chinamen." After an interlude during which he ate three plates of lobscouse, a stew made of leftover meats and vegetables, he explained, "He came from another part of China." And once, taking a long look at the shipowner's portrait, he said, "I went to see an art gallery near Bordeaux." After eating a large quantity of dried codfish cooked with raisins, cabbage, and onions, he added, "Some of the frames were that wide," indicating with his hands how impressively wide they were. Once, in an effort to make talk, I asked him, "How would you say, 'Please pass me the butter, Mr. Petersen,' in Norwegian?" He said, "We don't use 'please' or 'mister.' It sounds too polite. And you never have to say pass me something in a Norwegian house because the people *force* food on you, so if you said 'pass' they would

think they forgot something and their feelings would be hurt. The word for butter is *smør*."

IT was morning when we reached our first assembly port, and the Captain went ashore to see the naval authorities. He returned with word that we would sail next evening. In the afternoon a boat came out from shore and a naval officer climbed aboard to tell the Captain that our destination had been changed from New York to Port Arthur, Texas. Luckily, the Regnbue had enough fuel for the longer journey or we would have lost more time taking bunker. The Captain told me of the change and said he was sorry I would be carried so far from New York, but things like

that happened all the time. The changes weren't made for strategic reasons, because no one could tell three weeks or a month in advance how the U-boats would be distributed off the American coast. It was just that there probably weren't enough "dirty" tankers to handle all the heavy oils from the Gulf of Mexico. A "clean" tanker handles only gasoline. A "dirty" tanker has tanks equipped with heating coils to keep heavy oils liquid. The Regnbue, the Captain said with pride, was a first-class dirty tanker.

News of the change of destination quickly got about among the crew. There isn't much point in secrecy aboard a ship anchored offshore if none of the men are allowed to go ashore. Port Arthur is a dismal place compared to Brooklyn, and the seamen were disappointed. There are no Norwegians in Port Arthur and no taxi-dance halls. Mikkelsen, the electrician, said that you couldn't even buy whiskey in a saloon in Port Arthur; you had to buy a bottle at a package store and take it into a soft-drink joint to get a setup. Perhaps the most disappointed men on the ship were the British machine-gunners, Ramsay and Robinson. They had been out to India and Australia with other ships but never to America. "Where is Texas?" Robinson asked me. "Will I be able to get up to New York for a weekend?" Ramsay, who was a lance-bombardier, laughed derisively. "You haven't got money enough to get that far," he said. "It's all of two hundred miles." Robinson earned three shillings and threepence a day, of which the War Office sent one and three to his mother in Salford, slap up against Manchester. Ramsay drew



ninepence more for his single chevron, and he was always boasting to Robinson about his opulence.

The Britishers belonged to the Maritime Anti-Aircraft Regiment, generally called the Sea Soldiers at home. The Sea Soldiers ride on merchant ships in the manner of old-time American stage-coach guards. They have had more training with automatic arms than the seamen who man machine guns and are supposed to steady the seamen in a fight. Robinson and Ramsay had been partners on other ships and had been in a long running battle with some Axis submarines off the west coast of Africa just before they joined the Regnbue. Convoys are nearly always attacked off the African coast, they said. There is a belief among seamen that the Germans have a submarine base at Dakar, no matter what Pétain may say. Robinson was a quiet lad who said, "A odn't been sottisified i' infantry, so thought A'd try summat else, and this was fair champion—nowt to do." Ramsay was a Glaswegian, a hyperenergetic type who was always shadowboxing on deck and shouting "Pooh!" or "Coo!" for no apparent reason. He used to brag about how many German planes he had shot down, although it is hard to apportion credit for bringing down a plane when a whole convoy is blazing away at it. One day he said that if we captured a German submarine—not a likely prospect—he would personally kill all the prisoners. Gjertsen, the chief officer, said to him seriously, "You can't kill anybody on this ship without the Captain say so." This made Ramsay sulk. There were three other Britishers on the ship—a man in the engine room, a seaman, and a messboy. English seamen like to get on Norwegian ships when there is an opportunity, because the pay is better than the British scale. Nearly all seafaring Norwegians speak English, so there is no trouble about understanding orders. The only fellows on the Regnbue who knew no English were five youths who recently, and separately, had escaped from Norway by crossing the North Sea in small boats. They were all studying a textbook on Basic English. They had received word that after they had escaped their parents had been put in prison. News from Norway reaches England quite regularly by boat. There are even motorboats that smuggle mail between the two coasts.

Most of the men grew thoughtful when we cleared the first assembly port. We were within three hundred miles of Norway now, and they could not help thinking about it. Otherwise the tension,



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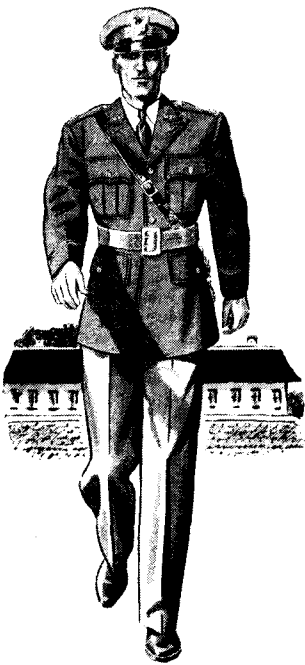
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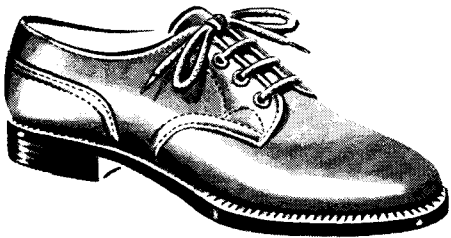
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which had never been great, seemed to have completely vanished. There was no further danger from motor torpedo boats and not much from dive-bombers. The big Focke-Wulf Kuriers and the submarine packs generally operate further to the west, where the large convoys form, so we felt relatively safe. We had parted company with a couple of ships at the assembly port and picked up a couple of others. What bothered me was the weather. Captain Petersen advised me to chew on dry crackers and drink no water. The steward said, "Don't use nothing juicy. Yust dry stuff."

The prescription of "a brisk walk around the deck," classic on passenger liners, is not much good on a tanker, because deck space is so limited. You can take a few steps on the bridge or make a circuit of the forward deckhouse, picking your way among ropes, slings, boats, and the entrances to two companion ways. If you go aft you have a slightly longer promenade around the after deckhouse, although you have to crawl under the gun platform once on each lap to complete the circuit. The main deck, between the two deckhouses and forward of the bridge, is low and lashed by spray. There is a catwalk, an elevated pathway between the two deckhouses, but men with work to do are constantly passing back and forth on it, so there is no room for a *flâneur*.

At the beginning of the voyage I had decided to let my beard grow until I got home again. The boatswain, who came from a port in the far north of Norway, counselled me to shave my beard, on the ground that it would bring fine weather and then the ship wouldn't rock. The boatswain was a small man who looked as dry and tough as jerked meat. He had ice-blue eyes and a long, drooping, ginger-colored mustache, and he repeated his joke about the beard every morning. Then, later in the day, he would manage to ask me the time and say, "I had two gold watches but they're on the bottom now." His last ship had been bombed and sunk at her dock in Liverpool and he had lost all his gear on board. Fortunately, he had been spending the night on shore with a respectable lady friend—the widow of an old shipmate, he was always careful to explain when he told the story. He had a French wife in Caen, but he had not seen her in seven years, because big ships seldom went there. I once tried to talk French with him, but he said with a sigh, "Ya goobliay toute." The boatswain was aware that he said the same things every day, but he said them to be

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friendly. After all, nobody can think of something new to say when he sees the same shipmates daily for weeks on end. The quip about the beard contented the boatswain, and he laughed every time he said it. His laugh sounded like cakes of ice knocking together.

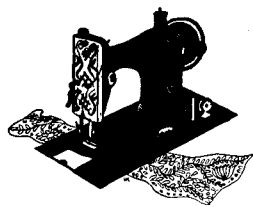
ON December 7th, we were in a gale. I turned in early and put my watch and fountain pen in the desk drawer, where they rattled like dice in a nervous craps shooter's hand. There is a difference of thirteen and a half hours between the time in Hawaii and Great Britain, and I was asleep before Grung, the radioman, picked up the first bulletin about the attack on Pearl Harbor. I heard the news when I went up on the bridge next morning. Bull, the third officer, pumped my hand and said, "We both allies now!" It felt more natural to be a belligerent on a belligerent ship than that anomalous creature, a neutral among belligerent friends. I tried to visualize New York. People at home must be frightfully angry, I imagined. I kept telling the Norwegians, "Americans aren't like the English. They get mad much quicker and they stay mad." (I was to feel pretty silly about that after I got back to New York.) We all wondered why the fleet had been in Pearl Harbor and how the Japs had got there. The B.B.C. bulletins received by the radioman were skimpy. We were actually near the base of the British Home Fleet, but suddenly we felt far from the war. The ship had sailed with two neutrals aboard and now it had none. The other neutral had been an ordinary seaman named Sandor, who was a Rumanian. Great Britain had declared war on Rumania a few days after we cleared, so Sandor had become an enemy alien. He took the news calmly. "Can't send me back now," he said. He had stowed away on the Regnbue at Constanta in the early summer of 1939 and had stayed with her ever since. He had learned Norwegian and English on the ship.

We were glad to get to our second assembly port, where we were permitted to turn on the short-wave radio in the chief officer's cabin. We sat around it for hours, listening to the B.B.C., the Norwegian broadcasts from London and Boston, and even Radio-Paris, the Quisling station in Oslo, and Lord Hawhaw. We got some of our best laughs from an Italian English-language announcer who used to sink Allied shipping in astronomical quan-

ties twice a day. It was a Norwegian broadcast from Boston, I remember, that told us Lindbergh had endorsed the war and a Free French announcer in London who said Senator Wheeler had done the same thing. The steward was amused. "Next thing, Quisling against Yermans!" he shouted.

As soon as we arrived at the second assembly port, the Captain went ashore. When he came back he said that we were starting for America early the next morning. The port was at the head of a deep and narrow bay. The Regnbue and nine other ships were to start just before dawn and go to sea to meet vessels that would simultaneously leave other assembly ports. There would be from fifty to a hundred in the combined convoy, which was to be a very slow one. It would make only eight knots, because it included a lot of ships like the Norwegian steamer that Bull, the third officer, had pointed out to me some days before as the slowest ship in the world. We had lost her in the gale on December 7th, but she had steamed into the second assembly port twelve hours behind us. She was called the Blaskjell, which means "mussel." An eight-knot convoy takes a long time to get across the ocean, Captain Petersen said, but going that way was better than hanging about waiting for a ten-knotter. Fast ships go alone, on the theory that they can run away from any submarine they sight, but the Regnbue was not nearly that fast.

IT was about seven o'clock when we hove anchor next morning, but the moon was still high in the sky. The other ships that were going out showed one light apiece and a corvette was



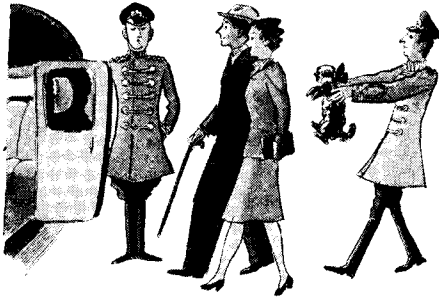
talking to us in Morse code squawked out on a whistle that sounded like Donald Duck. A westerly wind was howling and I remembered that we had received a gale warning the evening before. The moon slipped into a cloud abruptly, like a watch going into a fat man's vest pocket, and didn't come out again. When it is as dark as it was that morning it is hard for a landsman to tell if a ship is moving, because he can't see her position in relation to anything else. But after a while I was sure. When it began to get light I went up on the bridge and looked at the ships in front of us and astern. They were already plunging about. When you look at other ships in a heavy sea the extravagance of their contortions surprises you. Your own ship is going

through the same motions, but you wouldn't believe they were so extreme unless you saw the other ships. The further we got down the bay, the worse the weather grew. The commodore's ship, about a mile ahead of us, sent up a string of flags; the ships between us repeated the signal. Bull, who was on the bridge, said, "Commodore wants us slow down, says he can't hold his position." He threw the engine-room telegraph to "Half Speed." In heavy weather the Regnbue steered well only at full speed and the men at the wheel had an unhappy time from then on. Now and then her bow came clear out of the water—from watching other tankers I could see exactly how it happened—and the sea gave her a ringing slap on the bottom. I felt that this was an impertinence, precisely the sort of thing a German would do if he were running the ocean.

By noon we were getting away from land. I went down to the saloon to have dinner with Captain Petersen and found him already ladling his third plate of milk soup out of the tureen. Milk soup is made of condensed milk and water, heavily sugared and full of rice, raisins, dried apricots, canned peaches, and anything else sweet the cook can find about the galley. It is served hot at the beginning of a meal and only a Norwegian can see any sense in it. It appeared on the table regularly twice a week, and at each appearance the steward said, "Fawny soup today, Liebling." At the beginning of every meal, without exception, he would say to me, "*Vær so god*" ("Be so good"), and bow. I would say the same thing to him and bow, and we would both laugh. It was like the boatswain's joke about the beard.

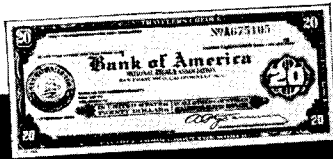
On the bridge that afternoon, the Captain was preoccupied. He said that unless we could go at full speed, he didn't see how we could get to the rendezvous before dark, but only about one other ship in our lot could keep up with us at full speed. Our entire escort was one eight-hundred-ton corvette, and if we left the convoy, we left the escort. Sometimes you have a big escort and sometimes you have a small one. It's like going into a shop in England: you get what they have in stock. Haraldsen, the second officer, who was also on the bridge, was as jolly as usual. "By-and-by Florida!" he would shout when water whipped across the front of the wheelhouse and splashed in our faces. That was *his* standard joke. The corvette seemed to stand on its head every time it went into a wave, and Haraldsen got a lot of fun watching it. "The

Travel SMART



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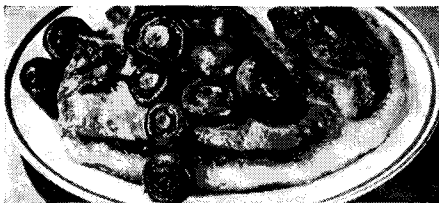
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little feller is doing good," he would say. "I hope they got a good belly." By three o'clock we had lost the Blaskjell and two of the others and a half-hour later we could see the commodore's ship turning. The commodore was signalling us to return to port. He had judged that there was no chance of reaching the rendezvous before nightfall and he didn't want us to be out on the ocean alone when morning came. "We made about thirty miles in nine hours," Captain Petersen said. We turned, and on the way back to the assembly port we picked up the Blaskjell and passed her. At nine o'clock we were again at anchor in our old berth.

THE boatswain was not the only one who looked suspiciously at my beard after the return. "This has always been a lucky ship," the carpenter said. "I think we got a Rasmus on board now." A Rasmus is the Norwegian equivalent of a Jonah. The next day the weather was fine. The carpenter said that this was just what you might expect now that we had missed the convoy. Captain Petersen put on his brown suit and went ashore. He came back with word that we were stuck for at least a week. We had already been at sea for a fortnight. It was not entirely bad news to the boatswain and the steward. The boatswain could now put the men to work painting the ship. When a ship's paint gets streaky, a boatswain becomes melancholy and embarrassed, like a housewife who has not had time to wash the curtains. Griffin, the English seaman on board, once said to me, "If the bos'n ain't a bastard, the ship's no good." He added that the Regnbue was quite a good ship. The steward saw a chance to get the supplies he needed for Christmas. About all that the Captain and I had been hearing lately at our meals was a monologue by Larsen about the horrors of Christmas at sea without newts or frewts or yin. Once a ship has left the port of origin, Navy people permit only the captain and the radioman to go ashore—the radioman for a single conference before a convoy leaves—so Larsen gave the Captain a list to take to a ship chandler. The Captain found no nuts or fruits, but in a couple of days a lighter brought out a case of gin and two cases of whiskey, which the steward put away in the pantry closet. Ordinarily, I was told, no liquor was served on the ship except to pilots and immigration officers, but Christmas was always an exception. The days at anchor were tranquil. Every morning the Captain went ashore



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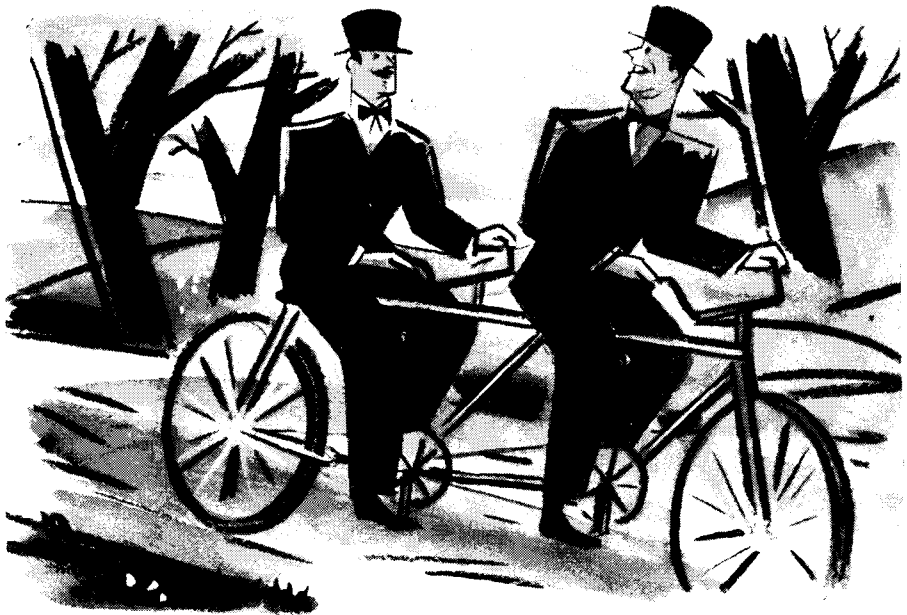
Saw Mill River P'kway (Dobbs Ferry 2256), Spring? Get out of town and dine at a hunting lodge in the country. Only 12 miles N. of Henry Hudson Bridge. Luncheon. Dinner from \$1.25. Dancing. Art Barker Orchestra

and the rest of us painted and theorized about our false start for America. The officers worked alongside the men, and I daubed a bit for company. Some of the men argued that we should have started for our rendezvous at midnight instead of just before dawn, and others said that with a wind like that against us we shouldn't have started at all. Haraldsen said why complain, maybe the convoy we had missed would be attacked anyway. (A couple of days later we heard that all but fourteen ships out of seventy had had to turn back because of the weather.) Evenings, we listened to the radio and talked about the war. The men talked a lot about what they were going to do with Quislings in Norway after the war. They used Quisling as a generic term, just as we do. Some of the men wanted to put them on Bear Island, up north of Norway. Others just wanted to kill them. Even the messboys were angry at Knut Hamsun and Johan Bojer for having betrayed Norwegian culture. The ship had a library of four hundred volumes. None of the seamen would read Hamsun or Bojer now. Norwegians seem more interested in books than music, and the Captain was the only one who mentioned Kirsten Flagstad to me. He said Wagner had gone to her head.

Often, when Captain Petersen sat down to a meal, he would look at the customary plates of cold meat on the table and say, "I wonder what they have to eat in the old country now" or "I wonder what my wife has to eat." When we had fish he would say, "My wife never liked fish. Her father was a butcher" or else "My father-in-law always said, 'Fish is fish, but meat is nourishment.'" Once he heard me humming that old barroom favorite, "M-O-T-H-E-R." He said, "I heard a fellow sing that in vaudeville in Philadelphia. He had his wife on the stage and their six children. When he sang it one kid held up a card with 'M' on it. The next kid held up 'O' and so on until the smallest one held up 'R'. It was the cleverest thing I ever saw on the stage." Often he showed me photographs of his wife and their little boy.

WE put to sea again a few days before Christmas. Just before we left, a naval man came out to say that our destination was now Baton Rouge. Nobody even speculated about the reason for this second change. We took it for granted that there was some kind of a muddle. Despite my beard and the carpenter's forebodings, we had normal North Atlantic winter weather this time. Early in the afternoon we sighted a huge

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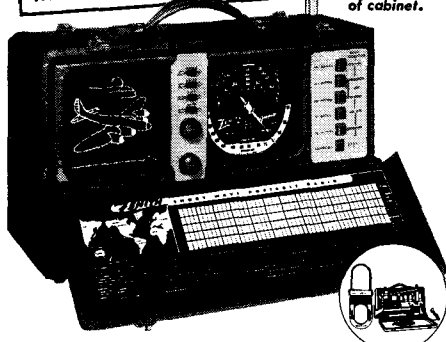
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fleet of ships on the horizon. This was to be a ten-knot convoy, so we had left the Blaskjell and a couple of other tubs behind. "Now we'll have something to look at," Haraldsen, the second officer, said as the courses of the large group and our small one converged. Every ship in a convoy has a number. Number forty-four had been assigned to us at the assembly port, and as we joined the others we hoisted the four flag and the pennon that corresponds to a ditto mark. All we had to do was find the forty-three ship and fall in behind her.

The small convoys we had travelled in along the coasts had gone in either single file or a column of twos. This one was in a column of eights. We had ships to port and starboard as well as ahead but only an escorting corvette behind us, as we were a file-closer. This tickled Haraldsen, because we wouldn't have to repeat any of the commodore's signals. A signal is passed down a file of ships, each repeating it for the benefit of the one behind. All the file-closer has to do is run up the answering pennon to acknowledge the message. Grung, the radioman, came out of his shack to look at the escort. There were only four corvettes for fifty-six large ships. "It's a bad yoke," he said bitterly. "Those English lords are sitting with girls behind drawn curtains on large estates and we can go to hell." When we had had a large escort on the east coast, Grung had said that was a bad sign. Haraldsen said, "Oh, boy, I wish I had one of them girls here! Some fun." He had worked as a carpenter in New York during the building boom from 1924 to 1929 and talked of this as the romantic period of his life. "I got fifteen dollars a day," he said. "Fellows would wait for you in front of your yob—Yews, you know—and say, 'Listen, come with me. I give you a dollar more.' I like Yews." He had been on sailing ships during the last war, but he did not recall them with the same affection as, for example, John Masfield or Lincoln Colcord. "A sailing ship is hell in cold weather," he once told me.

It takes a combination of keen eyes and accurate navigation to keep a ship in its proper position in a convoy during the night, and the fleet is usually rather jumbled in the morning. This situation helped to kill time aboard the Regnbue. In the morning everybody was eager to see how badly the convoy had broken ranks. Bull, the third officer, was always on watch at dawn, and every morning he would say, with a sort of pride, "Dis der vorst convooy I ever see. Every morning all over der Atlahntic." The

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Regnbue nearly always held its position in relation to the commodore; either we kept to our course accurately or there was a telepathy which made him and us commit the same errors. Some of the other ships, however, would be far off on the horizon. This would always amuse Bull and the lookouts. The forty-three ship, which was supposed to stay just ahead of us, was nearly always miles to starboard, and when she tried to get back into her place we would, for the fun of it, speed up so that she couldn't edge in. She was an old tanker and slower than the Regnbue. Her skipper must have been a rather fussy sort; she would break into an angry rash of signal flags and her radioman would bring out his signal flash lamp and deliver a harangue in Morse. Finally we would let her ease into the column. It usually took an hour or so to get everybody aligned. The ships always reminded me of numbered liberty horses forming sequences in a circus.

After the convoy was reformed we could kill another half-hour trying to count the ships. There were a few less every day. Ships drop out with engine trouble or get so far off the course during the night that they lose sight of the convoy. These run a bigger risk than the ones that keep pace, but most of them turn up in port eventually. Two ships carried catfighters; that is, Hurricane fighters that could be shot into the air from catapults if a Focke-Wulf appeared. In profile, the catapults look like cocked pistols. We used to find comfort in looking at them, even though Grung said that the pilots were probably seasick and the planes would break away from their lashings in a storm just before we were attacked by an air fleet. Sometimes ships in convoy talk to each other out of boredom, like prisoners tapping on cell walls. One morning I found Bull, signal lamp in hand, carrying on a parley with a British tanker in the column to starboard. When at last he put the lamp down I asked what it was all about, and he said, "Oh, they invite us to come aboard for lunch."

"What did you tell them?" I asked.

"Oh," Bull replied, "I say, 'If you got a drop of yin, I wouldn't say no.'"

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of three articles on the Regnbue.)

Men instead of women have been appointed to the posts as brench librarians in Brooklyn for the first time in twenty-two years, the Brooklyn Public Library announced yesterday.—*The Herald Tribune*.

A very sensible appirntment.



An honour, once—

NO MORE their paddles swirl in the swollen spate of the Mackenzie in late spring, nor the prows of their York boats ripple the cold Athabasca . . . The snows of the Yukon have missed them. No longer their fires mark the night, nor their chansons echo from the high banks of Peace River . . . They did their jobs, took their small meed of honours and pay . . . and passed on . . . Today the motor roads follow their trails, and towns have risen on their tent sites . . . But the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company started the settlement of the Northwest.

IT WAS for these, its officers and managers in the fur trade, that the Hudson's Bay Company set aside each year the best of its whisky purchases in Scotland . . . made its best whisky the private stock and perquisite of its commissioned officers . . . "Best Procurable" today is the successor of the officers' private stock . . . still distilled, blended, bottled in Scotland . . . still the best whisky of Scotland . . . still rated as one of the three best Scotches in the world . . . BP is your privilege today—and after the first bottle will be your preference, too . . .

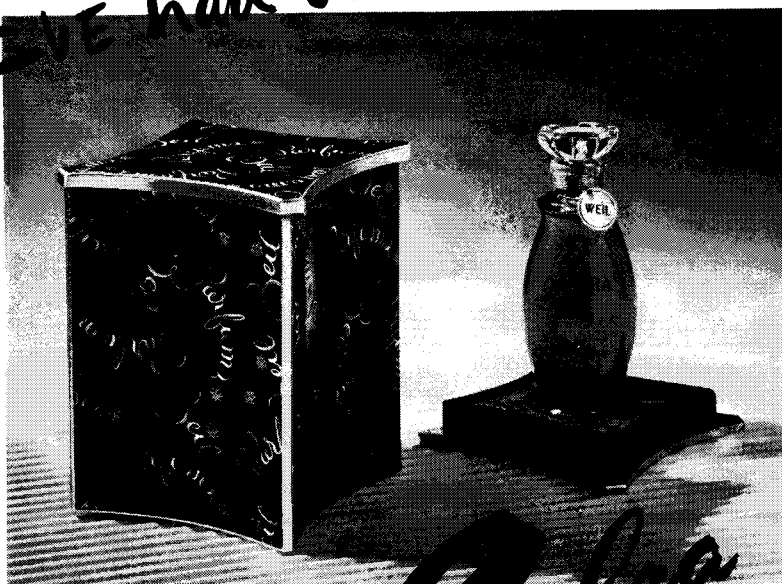


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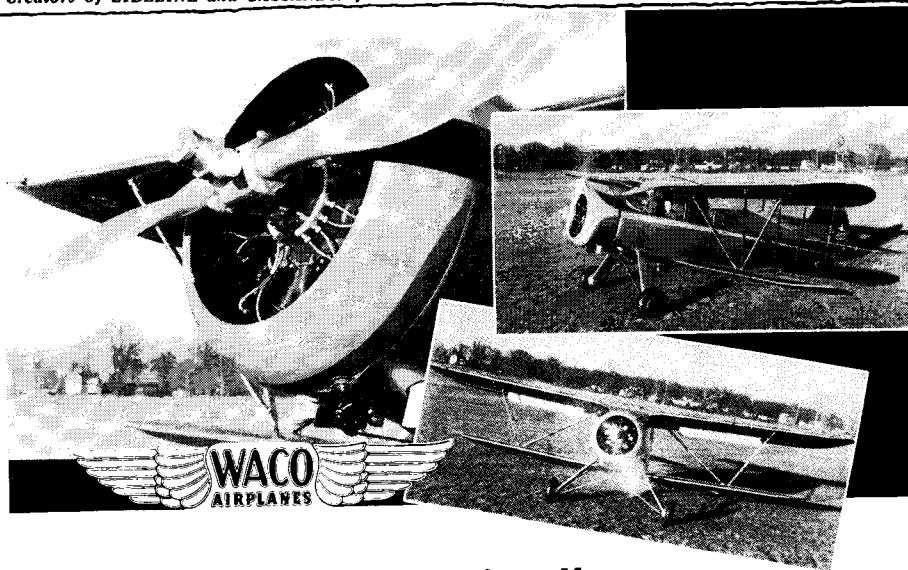


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**DADABHOY,
ELPHINSTONE OF GLACK!**

WHENEVER I read an English work of fiction containing American characters, I am saddened and embarrassed by the sort of names the authors choose to give them. You know, the big banker is always called something like Ezekiel Q. Goos-enpfeffer, the debutante Abigail Mul-rooney, the young man Buddy Van Horndinkel or possibly even Jazzbo N. Gump. Well, after a recent trip through the new British *Who's Who*, I can prove that the English are in no position to talk about funny names.

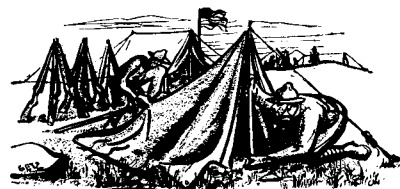
Such names as John Frederick Drug-horn, Edward W. Billyard-Leake, Wil-frid C. Dumble, Thomas Blatherwick, and Christopher Bromhead Birdwood will serve as introductory examples, but they are really very mild.

There are some names which I am convinced are not even real; they must have been lifted out of Dickens. Take, for instance, Coventry Dick Peddie, Ernest Tom Neathercoat, Rita Francis Mosscockle, and Richard Deare Furley Oldman. (I can just see Richard, the dear furly old man, sitting in his vine-covered doorway waiting for the vicar's wife to bring him soup and jelly.)

Quite a few British names have to do with legs and feet. I came across Percy Joseph Sillitoe and Percy Joseph Shrubsole, and was beginning to wonder whether all such people had to be called Percy Joseph when I found Frederick George Shinn, Dingle Mack-intosh Foot, and William John Town-send Shorthose.

I hold Noel Coward responsible for a name like Charles Spencelayh. Though I did no research on it, I am sure it was plain Charles Spencely before *he* came along. Another strange one phonetically is Francis Minchin Voules. Speaking of minchin' vowels, try to say "The Reverend Worsfold Mowll" without first stuffing potatoes in your mouth.

Then there are what might be called Wodehouse names. These fall into two classes—ordinary and super-Wode-house. Ordinaries are Sir Ernest Wingate Wingate-Saul and the Reverend Maxwell Homfray Maxwell-Gumble-ton. (Don't ask me why they have these repetitions.) The supers, I feel, are those



that Wodehouse might have considered but would probably have discarded as a little extreme. I give you Sir Alex Logie Elphinstone of Glack, Hyde Charnock Whalley-Tooker, Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Dalyell of the Binns, Geoffrey Rupert Cecil Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, Baron of Saye and Seele.

Other names are playfully evocative. The Honourable F. W. Coneybeer suggests summer and the boardwalk, and I imagine myself enjoying the breeze, munching a frankfurter, and drinking a cold glass of Trommer's. Then there's Joshua Whatmough (what mo' could you ask?) and Charles Urie Peat (will urie peat that, please?). Oh, dear, let's get on with this.

Of course, one cannot legitimately include Orientals in this treatise, but, just in passing, I liked Sir Maneckji Byranji Dadabhoy and noted with alarm Sir Khjava Nazimuddin. Sir San Crombie Po, and the Reverend George Benjamin Ekanayake, too, fleetingly arrested my attention.

WELL, I say let our allies call us Goosenpeffer and Jazzbo until we have jointly won the war, but let us remember, in addition to those listed above, that the following are real British names: Saxon Snell, Ion Richard Stavely Shinkwin, C. H. Falloon, Charles Talbut Onions, Burnett Napier Henderson Orphoot, Colonel Robert Jebb Few, and George Muff.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

Young lady, non-commercial background, school here, Italy, Oxford, Eng., traveled, Far East. Passed aptitude tests for music, art, writing, professionally, some training. Minor League championship, squash, racquets, swimming. Just completed 2 years' research on backgrounds of world troubles. Seeks gainful and interesting occupation. X 2832 Times Annex.—*Adv. in the Times.*

There ought to be an opening for you *somewhere*.

THIS IS WAR

(DIVISION OF UNIFIED COMMAND)

[From *Information Digest*, issued by the Office of Government Reports]

The Agriculture Department announced creation of the Division of Grasshopper Control within the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine and named Dr. Claude Wakeland, Chief of the Division. This marks the first time programs of control for chinch bugs, Mormon crickets, and grasshoppers have been unified under one division. Dr. Wakeland has been field director for the combined grasshopper and Mormon cricket control programs of the Department.



"Before the next war, I hope you'll remember to get enough North Star blankets in the house!"

WARNING! WAR GETS FIRST CALL ON NORTH STAR BLANKETS!

You may have trouble getting North Star all-wool blankets today, and we want you to know the reason why.

In response to Uncle Sam's request, our mill has gone all-out for the boys in the army and navy, supplying them with much needed wool blankets and cloth for uniforms.

In the meantime, if you already have North Star blankets in your home, please be extra careful of them. Here are a few ways you can make them last longer, so that you may enjoy your full measure of North Star warmth and beauty for years to come . . .

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| ★ WASH IN TEPID WATER — NEVER HOT | ★ AVOID DIRECT SUN WHEN DRYING |
| ★ USE MILD SOAP CHIPS OR FLAKES | ★ DON'T USE CLOTHESPIN — HANG OVER LINE |
| ★ NEVER RUB BLANKETS — DOUSE 'EM | ★ STRETCH BLANKETS FREQUENTLY WHEN DRYING |
| ★ RINSE THREE TIMES IN FRESH WATER | ★ NEVER IRON — JUST FOLD WHEN DRY |
| ★ STORE BLANKETS IN MOTH-PROOF WRAPPING | |

NORTH★STAR BLANKETS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



MANY of the shops apparently feel, with this critic, that in these times a compact wardrobe, based on a few items in the best fabrics and soundest designs possible, is going to be the goal of many women who formerly wanted clothes in quantity and who cared for variety more than workmanship. You cannot arrange your life efficiently if you are forever finding out that the shoes which match the clothes you have just donned are being repaired, or that some other important ingredient of each of several costumes is at the cleaner's. Many of the large specialty houses are assuming that a big new group of women in the moderate-income bracket will want at least a couple of distinctive outfits as the basis of their wardrobes and are offering inducements in order-to-size affairs, designed and made on the premises at prices between those of custom clothes and ready-to-wear.

Moving alertly with this trend is one of my favorite designers, Zoe de Salle, of 18 East 53rd Street. In addition to her custom clothes, she shows six or eight of her order-to-size models at \$75 and \$95. They are made of beautiful fabrics, such as Forstmann woolens, and, like all of her clothes, have individuality without being dated. They are of the young, impertinent type, with widely swinging skirts, tight waistbands, and dolman sleeves.

For dinner, among her order-to-size models, there is a bright-red silk-jersey dress with short sleeves building out of the bodice (she avoids shoulder seams whenever possible) and a belt that twists through itself above a circular skirt. You'd wear this for years on all sorts of occasions with utter serenity. A yellow wool day dress with a set-in belt has a full-length swinging cape over it, and the cape has a yoke fastening with two but-

tons under the chin. No one, as I have often noted in these columns, can surpass de Salle at imparting éclat to a cape. Priorities on fasteners have caused no trouble here, as you can see by inspecting a navy wool-jersey dress with a drawstring around its shoulders and at its waistline, or another navy one of Forstmann wool that is nipped in by one button at the back of the waist and has a set-in pocket over one hipbone as its sole decoration. Such things show workmanship and enduring style, besides being among the gayest clothes in town. I consider them an Investment.

THE new shop of Mary Lewis, at 638 Fifth Avenue (51st), is all femininity in its décor, being charmingly done in hyacinth blue with pink cabbage roses, but there is nothing pastel about its current offerings in summer dresses, which are made of Santa Fe calico in brilliant desert colors—Chili red (deep nasturtium), bright yellows, and the like. The Indians of Santa Fe are sup-

posed to go in for the fabric avidly, and the Lewis clothes are inspired by native designs. One of her dresses has rickrack and peasant embroidery banding the tucked yoke of its bodice, sleeves that are long but designed to be pushed up into huge balloons, and a full skirt on a wide waistband; it's \$11.95, like most of the day things here. Others have rickrack trimming, pleated skirts, and little quilted jackets. One of heavy black cotton has a flaring skirt trimmed with bands of calico in various colors and could be worn in town on a hot day; still others have huge sleeves, ruffles, and flounces, and are presented for your informal and picturesque evenings.

Among the more conservative summer day things, there's a white-and-gray herringbone rayon suit with a cardigan jacket and pearl-button fastenings. I mention it particularly because its tailoring would be notable at a price far above the \$15 it costs. One-piece dresses include a shirtwaist affair of beige rayon sharkskin with a tailored jabot



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and long sleeves, and a rayon-shantung honey which, responding to government requests for dresses with a minimum of fastenings, slips over the head. This has a loose top and a skirt that is slashed down the front. Long tabs emerging from this slash are crossed over the stomach, giving a sort of sarong drape, and fasten with single buttons on the hips. The price is \$14.95.

IT is time for a reminder that I. Miller's shop at 689 Fifth Avenue (54th) shows unusual talent with flat-heeled shoes that look far more graceful than the healthful shoes of old. They come in lightweight suèdes with an inch-and-a-half heel, either in sandal form or with a narrow looped bow at the throat; the bow ones are beautiful things, with modified platform soles, and can have brass studding or not, as you like. Among the many shoes designed to be worn with slacks, a notable one is a wide-toed pump in beige linen with a tan calf trim and a one-inch heel; \$10.95.

In other fields, Miller shows a number of models, at from \$12.95 to \$16.95, that may be purchased with heels of varying heights. Good-looking navy or black calf pumps with white hand stitching on their wall toes give you this choice, and even dressy slippers are available with heels that are only an inch and a half high. Open-toed patent-leather slippers with great grosgrain discs at the throat look well with such low heels; so do shoes of a new elasticized lizard, either red or brown, that clings to your foot like a stocking. Miller expects to have this lizard in white toward the end of April, and I think it an event well worth looking forward to.

ONE of the most charming Easter notions to be seen around town comes from the house of Matchabelli and costs \$2.75. It's a miniature periwinkle-blue hatbox that has lilies of the valley and a frivolous tulle bow on the top and is tied with cerise ribbon. Inside are two tiny crown bottles of Matchabelli's most springlike perfumes—Russian Easter Lily and the lilac Duchess of York. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Don't Let Them Fool You

IT seems a pity that the new and disconcerting experience of viewing an International Flower Show with disappointment should have been reserved for those who attended this year's display at the Grand Central Palace, for

the crowds which gathered there were probably the most eager and earnest audiences in many seasons. Complaints of lack of variety and novelty in plants deserve little sympathy; North American horticulture—which, by the way, is doing all right—hasn't been on its own long enough even to begin to make up for the cutting off of foreign supply sources, and gardeners who expect miracles overnight ought to give up the game right away and try gin rummy. Other objections, however, were legitimate. It's excusable to wonder why, at this of all times, so much attention was squandered upon spectacular architectural

backgrounds and mechanical effects, plainly achieved in a great many cases at the expense of the garden displays themselves. It's excusable to have hoped that exhibitors would do a bit more this time about small, livable gardens of the suburban and city back-yard type—gardens planned for comfort and easy maintenance by those who are going to wield their own hoes and, in leisure moments, get in some of this living-in-outdoor-rooms you hear so much about.

A thing that I, for one, expected to find was a few examples of gardens built around barbecue grills, showing appropriate, practical planting plans for these outdoor cooking-and-eating spots. Last summer thousands of people invested, some of them fairly heavily, in barbecue equipment, and only a few succeeded in fitting their purchases into a garden setting without spoiling hard-won effects and sometimes actually injuring valuable plants. The rest would surely have appreciated a display or two showing how to do the job properly, yet of all the main-floor exhibitors, only one, Stumpp & Walter, gave the problem any consideration at all. That apparently was merely an afterthought, since the barbecue grill they used was a cobblestone-masonry eyesore set up on the lawn of a formal garden without any attempt at background planting or even so much as a flagstone hearth to keep drippings and hot ashes off the grass—a fine example of exactly what not to do with an outdoor stove.

Most disappointing of all, though, were the Flower Show's vegetable-garden displays, which, besides having been planned for purely decorative effect, were certainly highly misleading in their suggestion that family supplies of vegetables can be grown on pocket-handkerchief-sized plots which actually

wouldn't produce enough to keep a midget in vitamins for a week. Innocent amateur gardeners at the show were audibly impressed by these toy gardens and took them very literally indeed, exclaiming with surprise and delight over the variety of vegetables which clearly—weren't they right there in front of everyone's eyes?—could be grown in a two-by-four dooryard. If only half of these people went away encouraged by this false evidence to actually try their own inexperienced hands at

growing vegetables this summer, a lot of damage has been done; a great deal of valuable seed is going to be wasted at a time when every available bit of it ought to be put to the best possible use by those who know how to use it, and a great many good potential vegetable gardeners are going to give up in disgust after their first try, which will not have been worth the money, time, and effort put into it.

All of this is a pity, because, while there is enough vegetable seed in America at present to go around comfortably, there frankly isn't enough to squander, and also because, although anything resembling a vegetable famine is far from imminent, intelligent home gardening may turn out to be a real help to the country's wartime food program. This last, of course, remains to be proved, but we're not going to find out much about what might be accomplished if gardeners take such flower shows as the recent one for gospel and try to act accordingly.

AS a vegetable gardener of ten years' experience, I'd be the first to admit that the tendency of most beginners is to overreach themselves, which is easily as bad as going to the other extreme. My country vegetable plot, covering approximately fifteen thousand square feet, exclusive of its large berry patch, needs the part-time help of a gardener and would be altogether too large for most of the people just starting to toy with the idea. This plot supplies a family of three with all the vegetables that it and its guests can eat all summer long, plus plenty of surplus for canning and giving away—more than most people really need or expect. A plot one-quarter this size should be adequate for the average small family, and if you'll consider a practical suggestion which may not seem very appealing at first, you'll be able to do with even less ground and save yourself some



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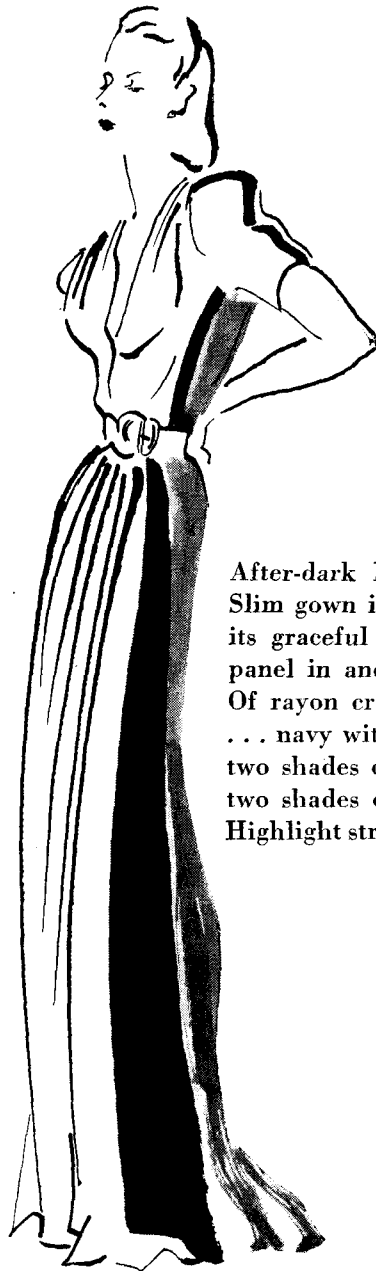
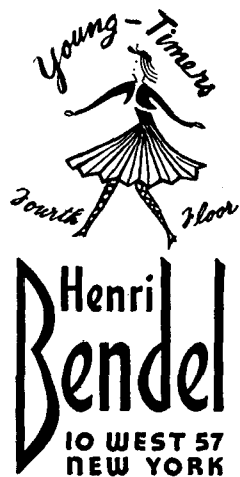
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of the worst of gardeners' headaches into the bargain.

The suggestion is this: Buy plants, if possible, instead of seed. Young plants of broccoli, lettuce, eggplant, tomatoes, peppers, cabbage, and Brussels sprouts can be bought by the boxful from roadside stands, nurseries, suburban groceries, and Sears, Roebuck branch stores for planting at the traditional time—after the May full moon. Onion sets (baby onions) are offered by all seedsmen and can be ordered by mail from their catalogues. Starting a garden this way is the best beginners' short cut I know, saving not only all the space you'd otherwise need for seedbeds and cold frames but an immeasurable amount of time, worry, and trouble besides, and certainly doubling your chances of bringing at least a few crops to maturity. Don't worry about not having anything to do until it's time to get these plants into the ground, either; you'll have plenty of work on your hands before that. For one thing, you ought to be getting the soil in condition, and if you're doubtful of its quality, you should buy a soil-testing kit or take a jar of it to your local Farm Bureau, which will recommend the right fertilizers and conditioners; for another, there's the job of planting and nursing the seeds of all the other vegetables you'll probably want, such as radishes, carrots, peas, beans, cucumbers, squash, beets, spinach, and corn, which do not require coddling in cold frames or transplanting later.

Maybe you won't believe this (most people don't who have never done any gardening), but it isn't necessary to water vegetables. Dig the soil good and deep to begin with, or, better still, have it plowed by some neighboring farmer and his team; then, when the seeds begin to sprout, start hoeing to work up a good dust mulch and repeat the process frequently, especially after rains, until the crops mature. You'd have to hoe anyway to keep the weeds down, so there's no labor lost. Don't water at any time, and you'll encourage the plants to send their roots deep into the soft soil in search of the natural moisture, which remains there because of the protective dust mulch on top. Later, when the hot spells come, the plants will have root strength to carry them through droughts, and you'll be cutting down water bills or (if you pump your water out of a well) saving electric power into the bargain.

HERB gardens were plentiful at the Flower Show, but they also were of the fancy sort, planted for eye appeal

and not for practical use. A knot garden of herbs is, I'll admit, a sweet sight, and just as sweet to smell, but if you want one and herbs for cooking too, plan to have a cutting bed on the side, with the plants set out in rows so that they can be sheared for drying when the time is ripe, which is usually just as they are about to blossom. Annual herbs which I plant for cutting and drying are basil (this goes right on growing new side shoots each time a crop is sheared), marjoram, parsley, and dill, which, by the way, goes to seed fast, so I make several small plantings through the summer instead of doing it all at once. Mint, a perennial which will overrun your garden if given half a chance, is another good drier, and so is catnip, in case there's a cat in the house that you want to indulge. The prescribed method of bunching these herbs and hanging them up to dry is picturesque but has never worked for me; the inside leaves don't dry fast enough and turn moldy, and the outside leaves get full of attic dust. I spread my cuttings on pie plates and set these on the warming shelf of the kitchen range, where the sprigs dry out evenly and are ready for crumbling and bottling in screw-top pint and quart jars in a few days' time. If herbs are new to you, it might be wise to get a packet of mixed seeds this year and try them all out to find which you're most successful with. You won't know which is which, probably, but your nurseryman can set you straight, and next spring you'll be able to plan an herb garden that won't be half waste.

—B. B.

PILLOW CASES

The Army recently let a contract for 1,000,000 duck-feather pillows and the Navy one for 650,000 pillows filled with chicken feathers.—*The Times*.

Sleep sound, O soldier, through the night

In fair or stormy weather,
Sleep sound from dusk to dawn, sleep tight

Upon the duckling's feather.

Sleep well, O sailor, as your ship

Plows through the bounding billows,
Sleep well, despite the roll and dip,
On chicken-feather pillows.

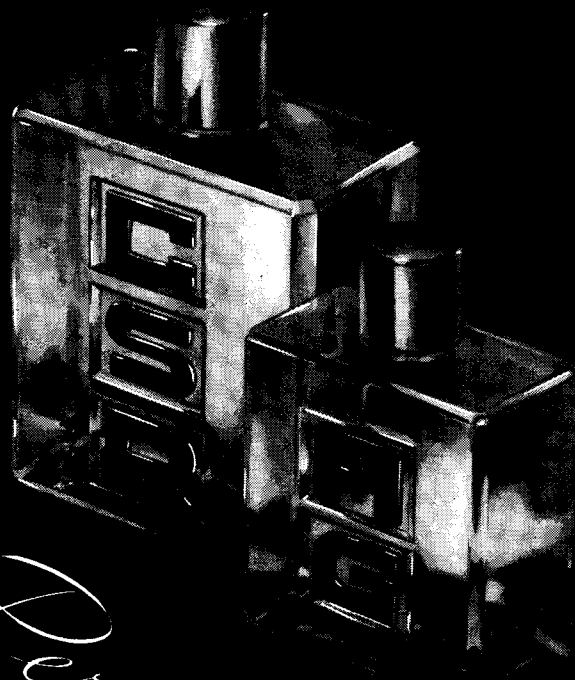
Sleep fitfully, you brass-hat cluck,

Or in your sleep be stricken
Who for the soldier chose the duck
And for the gob the chicken.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Nervous World

AT last that study of the mores of a surprisingly turbulent section of society comes to the screen. I am not sure that the film version of "The Male Animal" doesn't present an even more heightened and clarified view of professorial and academic behavior in one of our institutions of learning than the original Thurber-Nugent play. A big finale has been contrived for the screen, which the limitations of the stage could not permit, and it would seem that campus life requires the broader, the more vast medium. No play, certainly, does more to dispel a general notion that pedagogic existence is tranquil or sedate. It is, I think, indicative of some profound truth that the two other releases of the week, one having to do with life in the theatre and the other just with the Marines, should seem comparatively calm. For true drama and excitement, run to the schoolteachers.

Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland appear as a representative young couple of the faculty set. His position on the faculty is evidently modest, but he is taken seriously and generally liked. It is possible that she has money of her own, as their establishment is not the oversnug ménage of most junior teachers but stands on the street right alongside the manor house of the head of the department. I assume you know the plot of this story, of how, just at the crucial time of the Big Game, one of the nuisances of every class, one of those undergraduates all set to revise the earth, announces in his college paper that our youthful professor is to read a Vanzetti letter to his students. This endorsement, so to speak, of the Reds scandalizes the trustees. It becomes an issue. It distracts the great minds of the university from the Game itself. It involves the young but resolute professor in domestic embroilments beyond his wildest dreams. The whole nightmare leads him to fight with his wife, to drink with the undergraduate radical, to stay home from the Game. He is undaunted, though, and his triumph finally has something of the breathlessness about it of the Gettysburg Address, and you know that he will someday be head of a department, or perchance a dean.

The general tone of Thurber philosophy and ethical commentary has been quite carefully preserved, and such problems as marriage presents are an-

alyzed in his fashion, and the major theme of freedom of speech is even more emphatically stated, perhaps, than on the stage. The minor characters—the undergraduate radical, the campus belle (Hot Garters), the old "grads," especially the former football hero, and Eugene Pallette as the richest of all the trustees—keep the campus seething. I must say that some of the scenes of celebration attendant upon the Big Game have a gruesome realism which might reconcile many to lifelong illiteracy.

"BEDTIME STORY," the film of theatre people with a title which means nothing whatsoever, displays Loretta Young as a successful actress, who wants to live on an expensive Connecticut farm, and Fredric March as her husband, who can't do anything but write successful plays for her. Their incompatibility, drowsy beside that of our professorial friends, leads eventually to one high moment of farce. This is a hotel-room scene, and the angry, frustrated husband thinks of every conceivable way to annoy the lady ensconced there, such as sending up plumbers, maids in troops, waiters, battalions from the American Legion, exterminators, and so on, until she has to acknowledge that he is a witty man and that she loves him.

Technicolor views of target practice on the Pacific have a quiet charm and very much help "To the Shores of Tripoli," which is otherwise largely occupied with the gentle doings of barracks life in San Diego. No one could look more military than Randolph Scott as a top sergeant of the Marines, and he seems to have mastered his manual of arms.

—JOHN MOSHER

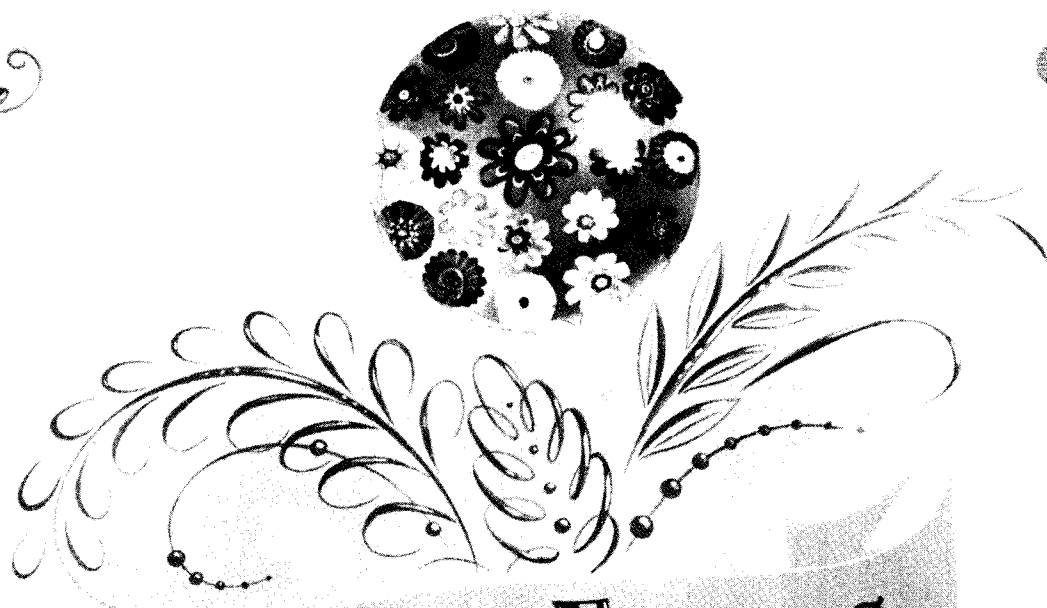
SIR: I am a girl very much in love with and engaged to a man three years my senior, who owns a fox farm. I am extremely allergic to foxes. I have discussed this problem with my future husband. However, he cannot give up his career as it is the only way he can support us. It is also necessary that we live on this farm. I do not want to give him up and he can't give up the foxes. Our wedding date is less than a month away. Will readers please advise what can be done about this problem?

SHIRLEY

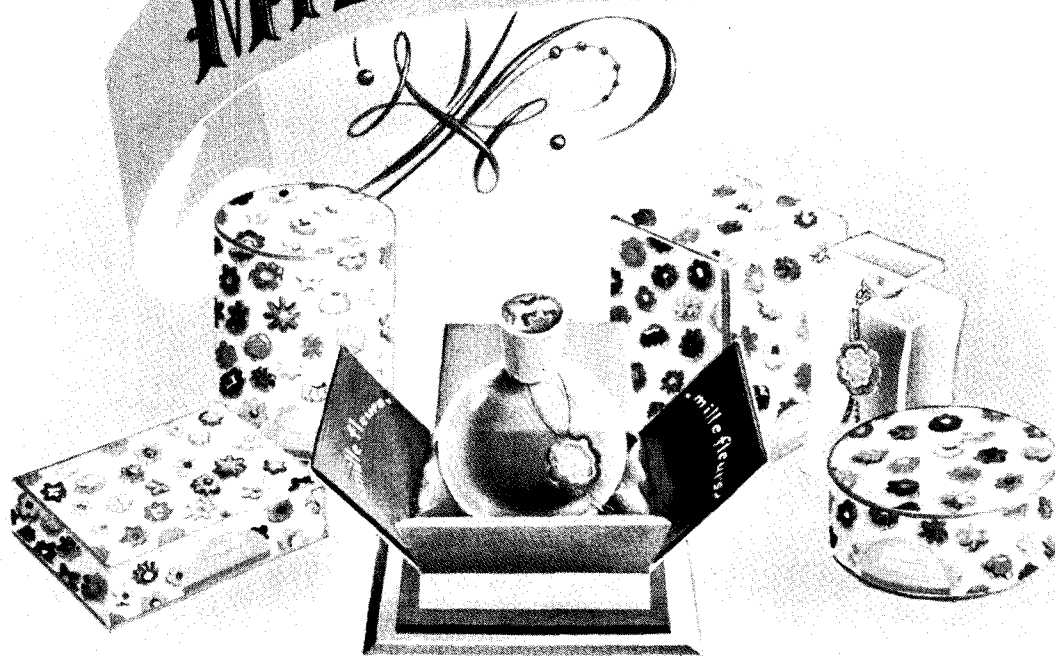
—Letter in the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sorry. We know an impasse when we see one.





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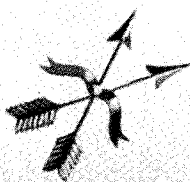


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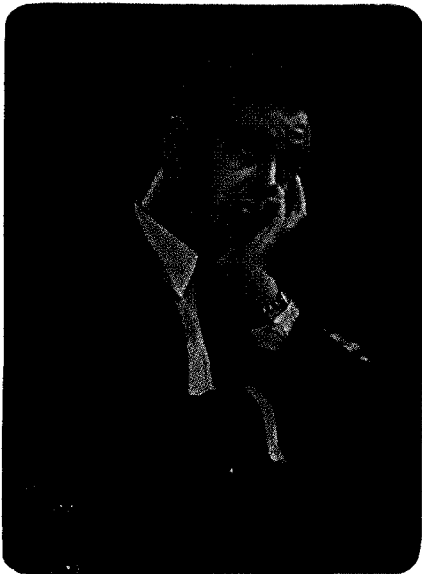
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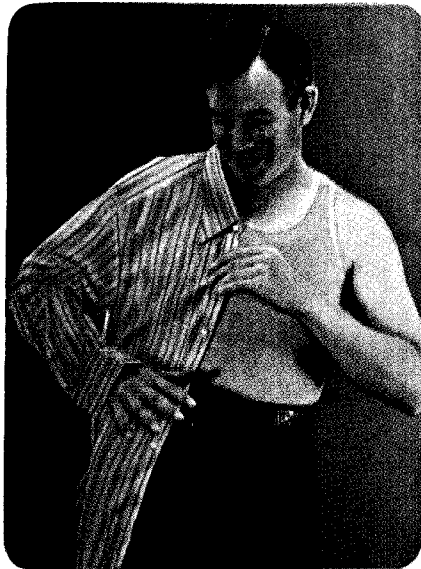


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THE ART GALLERIES

The Douanier Rousseau—Two Americans

ONE story is that the playwright Alfred Jarry, while summering outside Paris in the eighteenthies, happened to come upon an elderly customs inspector sketching diligently beside a canal. Jarry looked at his work, found it good, and induced him to give up his job, take advantage of the tiny pension that was due him, and come to Paris, where he launched upon the career that was eventually to make him famous. The man's name, of course, was Henri Rousseau, called the Douanier, and the story, like so many others about this almost fabulous figure, is probably a fiction. It is true that Jarry was a leader in the little group of artists and writers who first gave Rousseau encouragement, but it seems almost incontestable that a man of Rousseau's intrinsic capacities must always have had a hankering for the arts, and the truth appears to be that it was neither on the advice of Jarry nor of anyone else but purely as a realization of a lifelong dream that he retired and took up painting. Moreover, I myself have always had the sneaking feeling that to the youngsters who surrounded him—Jarry, Picasso, Apollinaire, and the rest—the old man and his pretensions as an artist were more of a joke than anything else, and such praise as they accorded his work was given mostly as a means of discomfiting the Academy.

True it is, though, that fame did come to him, so much so that he is now enthroned in the Modern Museum, in a loan exhibition of his works which is, I believe, by a comfortable margin the largest ever got together in this country. The show, I think, should be looked at with humility. I am not one of those who venerate primitivism for its own sake. Any artist, and any amateur of the arts, can learn a great deal from the study of naïve painting. But the primitive, given the chance, can learn too; indeed, in a sense, every painter at the outset is a primitive, and though part of his subsequent career may be spent in unlearning many of the things he was taught in the schools, the fact is that a good share of his mature expression rests on his technical facility, as the lack of it remains the chief stumbling block of the primitive. In this sense, I'm convinced that even Rousseau would have been a richer and

greater artist if to his innate simplicity and directness of vision he had been able to add the resourcefulness and ease that go with technical mastery.

Yet when all this has been said, there still remain the imaginative power and the daring of the man to confront us, and the show reveals these to the fullest. Here was a man who quite literally taught himself to paint, and did it in the face of poverty and ridicule too, and the scope of his achievement is amazing. To be sure, a few of his greatest pieces are missing from this collection—the curiously monumental “Self-Portrait, with Landscape,”



for instance, and the exquisite “Carriole de M. Juniet.” Still, since the show was perforce made up exclusively of loans from collections in this country, the comprehensiveness of the affair and not its occasional shortcomings should be stressed, and certainly it gives about as complete a picture of the man's whole artistic development as could be desired, from such early, rather rigidly designed pieces as the “Pont de Grenelle,” done around 1891, to the series of exotic landscapes which marked the culmination of his career.

Along the way you'll find such real gems as the lovely flower study called “The Poet's Bouquet,” the almost surrealist “Sleeping Gypsy,” and the delicately romantic “Carnival Evening.” Throughout, too, you'll feel a sense of continuing growth and artistic expansion. Perhaps because he could rarely afford a model, Rousseau never learned to paint the figure with assurance, and to the end his handling of human forms remained as stiff and awkward as the rest of his work became flowing and luxuriant. In all other respects, however, his command of the medium grew steadily stronger, his design more varied, and his textures subtler as he progressed, until finally, in such canvases as his big “The Dream” and the even more beautifully organized “Exotic Landscape: Ape and Indian,” one feels that he was saying in his paintings just about what he wanted to say, and saying it with a power and authority which must give him respectable ranking among artists of any period or breadth of schooling.

AT the Paul Rosenberg, they are showing oils by Max Weber. It isn't Mr. Weber's most successful ex-

hibition, and I think the selection is largely responsible. For one thing, there are too many of those curiously bubbly little nudes of his, and though these are unfailingly whimsical and appealing, a whole room more or less devoted to them gives almost no hint of this artist's range of expression. I found myself longing for a few of those ghetto studies which he does with such succinctness and distinction. Meantime, to lighten the monotony of this exhibit, there is a still life, called “Bread and Peppers,” to show what he can do with simpler forms, as well as a couple of landscapes, “Sunset” and “The Gorge,” both of which are handled with unerring gravity and restraint. Among the nudes, I liked best the large “Moonlight,” with its blue, hazy lighting and lazy figures.

The Buchholz has a small memorial exhibition of sculptures by John B. Flannagan, whose suicide last winter was such a shock. Whatever else may be said of Flannagan's work—for example, that it was occasionally slightly trivial, or that he had a tendency at times to stop just short of the full realization of his figures—one must still admit that he always obeyed one prime rule of the good sculptor's creed. He worked “with the stone and never against it,” and a plentiful number of the pieces in the collection—among them the small and appealing “Head,” the small and rhythmic “Monkey,” and the larger “Monkey and Young”—testify to his skill and address in the handling of his materials.

—ROBERT M. COATES

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[From the opinion of Lord Chancellor Brougham in the English case of *Thornhill v. Hall*, 2 C1. & F. 22, 8 Bligh N.S. 88]

I hold it to be a rule that admits of no exception in the construction of written instruments, that where one interest is given, where one estate is conveyed,—where one benefit is bestowed in one part of an instrument by terms clear, unambiguous, liable to no doubt, clouded by no obscurity, by terms upon which, if they stood alone, no man breathing, be he lawyer or be he layman could entertain a doubt,—in order to reverse that opinion, to which the terms would of themselves and standing alone have led, it is not sufficient that you should raise a mist; it is not sufficient that you should create a doubt; it is not sufficient that you should deal in probabilities, but you must show something in another part of that instrument which is as decisive in one way as the other terms were decisive the other way; and that the interest first given cannot be taken away either by tacitum or dubium, or by possible, or even by probable, but that it must be taken away, and can only be taken away, by expressum and certum.

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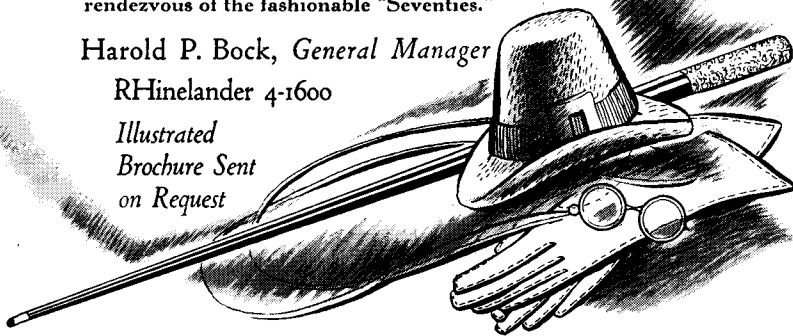
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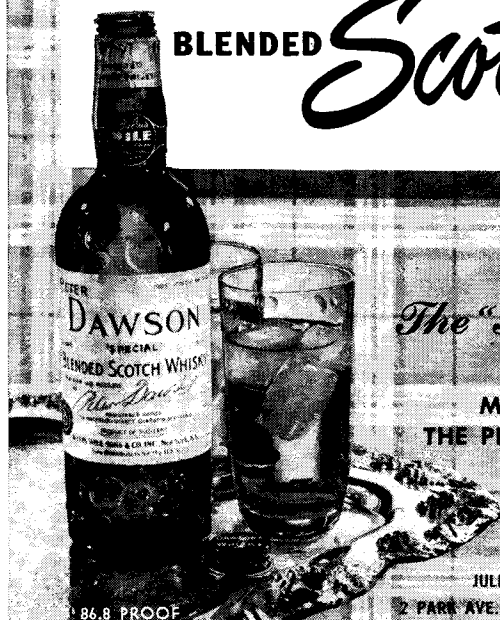
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OF ALL THINGS

SPOKESMEN in Tokio, Rome, and Berlin have all made bitter attacks upon MacArthur for moving to Australia. Such unpopularity must be deserved.

Apparently the Führer has decided that he cannot handle the Russian situation without a little help. He has restored several deposed generals to good standing and glowing health.

The cut in German food rations is due in part to the failure of the conquered countries to furnish eating matter. In some regions the farmers are raising practically nothing but hell.

Hitler says this was the worst Russian winter in a hundred and forty years, but we would have to have more reliable evidence. Nobody would believe Adolf if he said it was a nice day.

George P. McNear, Jr.'s, railroad was taken away from him because of a slight misunderstanding. He was under the impression that he had the right to veto the nation's laws.

Congress has been asked to liberalize the rules regarding proof of American birth. Many citizens cannot prove that they were born here or even that they were born at all.

The motorist will be glad to learn that his troubles are almost over. The rubber famine and the gasoline shortage are about to solve each other.

The test blackout in the coastal section of our city was a complete success. Dean Landis would have been gratified by the unanimity with which the illumination was terminated.

The authorities make the reasonable request that everybody stay out of Washington if possible. Here is something we can all do for our country without expense or pain.

The Germans belittle that squabble between the Rumanians and the Hungarians. The boys in the back room, they say, always act that way.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE ARMY LIFE

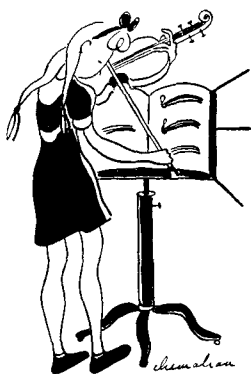
XIV-COMMENCEMENT

UNLIKE college students or people crossing the equator for the first time on a ship, both of which groups are provided with suitable ceremonies upon attaining their respective goals, selectees who have reached the end of their basic training receive no diplomas or other tangible awards. I spent my last day at Camp Croft, South Carolina, the training centre where for fifteen weeks I had been learning how to become an infantryman, in the kitchen. This, in a way, was highly appropriate. I had, by what I like to think was a coincidence, also spent my first day there in the kitchen. As a matter of fact, the first week and the last week of my stay, which parenthesized thirteen weeks of regular training, were curiously similar. The days immediately following the arrival of the batch of selectees to which I belonged and the days immediately preceding our departure were uniformly devoted to a hodgepodge of relatively unmilitary activities. At the beginning I was given to understand, the reason for this was that we needed time to become accustomed to our new environment; at the end we were told we needed time to rest up before striking out for distant camps in the pursuit of further and perhaps more realistic experiences.

We seemed, at moments toward the last, strangely like empty-handed novices. Having turned in our rifles and bayonets, we felt as foolish marching through close-order drill as a nurse must feel when promenading without her baby carriage. When we stood retreat at the close of the day, instead of holding our rifles at present arms we gave the hand salute, an equally patriotic but less substantial gesture. The most inexplicable reminder of our Army past was the reappearance of a Post Exchange truck which, when we first got to Croft, used to drive up while we were enjoying ten-minute breaks and sell us ice-cream bars. For reasons unknown to us, our mobile soda fountain never came around much while we were actively training. At the start of the fifteenth week, however, it began showing up again with comforting regularity, and we were once more privileged, as we hung around speculating about our

destinations, to suck thoughtfully on orange popsicles.

OUR last few mornings at Croft were spent largely in tidying up the barracks on behalf of the next batch of selectees who would tenant them. This sort of occupation is known in the Army as fatigue work for, I suppose, the obvious reason that it induces fatigue. Fatigue work embraces all sorts of utilitarian functions, such as chopping down trees or planting them, building fences, raking up stones, and, of course, polishing latrines. The work also affords an excellent opportunity for gold-bricking, a major military avocation. Gold-bricking consists in not doing something and not being caught not doing it. To not do something successfully requires a high degree of concentration and application, sometimes a good deal more than would be needed to accomplish the task the gold brick, as the guilty man is called, endeavors to avoid. I know a couple of soldiers who exhausted themselves by a single morning's conscientious gold-bricking. They rushed outside when they suspected an inside job might soon develop, they ducked around corners of buildings at the approaching and ominous tread of a corporal, they scrubbed furiously at already gleaming fire-extinguishers when they anticipated a call for men to transport rubbish. At the end of a day they were often too tired from the strain of their calculated idleness to enjoy their leisure time. I myself am an inexperienced gold brick, usually being apprehended instantly upon straying from the working path, and sometimes before straying. I have concluded that to the average noncommissioned officer I look like a potential shirker of duty; the noncom, accordingly, rather than give me a chance to yield to what he holds to be my natural and evil inclinations, is apt to put a mop in my hands and stand guard beside me as I wield it, while my buddies, seizing the moment to get away, are breaking for the woods and crawling into secluded glens and vales beneath the barracks.



OUR last few afternoons at Croft were occupied mainly with sports, known in the Army as mass games. Our schedule called for over three hours a day of these, and on one occasion I

got involved in one of the most protracted baseball games on record when a corporal in charge of bats, balls, and men, determined to obey the letter of instructions and to keep us playing until the recreation period had officially ended, refused to halt the proceedings at the end of the ninth inning, despite the fact that by then one of the teams had clearly won. We struggled on for some eight or nine weary extra innings, by which time the score was 37-35 and nobody could remember exactly who was ahead.

We had other games, too. Twice, for instance, my whole company ran an obstacle course. The purpose of this was to condition us for future occasions on which we shall have to surmount some of nature's obstacles. The man-made course we tackled was chock-full of impeding hazards, such as streams that could be crossed only by grabbing a rope, leaping forward into the air, swinging over the water, and letting go when the opposite shore appeared to be underfoot. The course also included a wall about ten feet high, which we scaled with the assistance of more ropes; a few trenches to jump into and out of; some ladders to climb; a concrete pipe to crawl through; and a set of rubber tires, among which we loped as awkwardly as any college halfback in training for the newsreels. At the completion of our tour over, around, and through these pitfalls, one of the boys, who had had an especially rough time of it, said that he would never again patronize a miniature golf course. "I wouldn't ask a golf ball to do what I've just done," he said.

Such muscle-building activities did not quite prepare us, however, for the shock of trying to carry our own baggage when each of us stuffed his belongings into the two large blue barracks bags issued to him. A soldier manages in almost four months at a single military address to accumulate an astonishing variety of irrelevant objects, many of them oddly shaped pieces of bric-a-brac sent him by a demonstrative family eager to show how fond his absence has made their hearts grow. A soldier, as reluctant as anyone else to part with the most trifling material possession, is likely to risk breaking his back for the sake of some ill-designed china object sent to him by a friend who won it at a Coney Island hoop-tossing concession. It is imperative, moreover, for the soldier to hang grimly onto the numerous pieces of equipment issued to him by the Army. If he loses anything, he is charged for it. A good soldier, we have been told more than once by an experienced ser-

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geant, never actually loses anything; if a spoon, for example, should mysteriously disappear from his mess kit, he should replace it, even if by chance that sometimes involves the disappearance of someone else's spoon. The Army keeps such detailed records of what its men possess that it counts as a necessary item among our belongings a small piece of string we wear around our necks with our identification tag suspended from it. By the time we had packed everything our bags were distressingly heavy. One of the boys gloomily observed that if he had known how heavy his were going to be, he would have put in some worthwhile hours of practice carrying them filled with gradually increasing loads—in the manner of the apocryphal man who got to be able to lift a full-grown bull by picking it up when it was calved and hoisting it daily thereafter until it reached obese maturity.

NONE of us knew until nearly the last minute to what Regular Army post we were going. We did know, though, that we wouldn't all be going to the same place. One of the notable characteristics of an Army friendship is that it is always subject to sudden and thorough termination; your best friend may without warning be transferred to some distant post, from which it is more than likely he will be negligent about communicating with you. After living for months on terms of the most persistent intimacy with a group of fifty men, a college student bidding goodbye to them would probably make elaborate plans for meeting them again in the future at some appointed time and place. A soldier's parting, on the other hand, is apt to consist solely of the single and lightly uttered phrase "See you in the trenches." At that, it would perhaps be silly of us to make any definite plans for a reunion twenty-five or five or even two years hence. The chances are that more than a few of the alumni in our class would be unable to attend.

—PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Saratoga Trunk," by
Edna Ferber]

...his [young Bart Van Steed's] pale blue eyes turned to her sympathetically.

—Page 152.

Bart Van Steed's pale golden eyes widened in surprise.

—Page 160.

Bart Van Steed's pink cheeks grew pinker and the amber eyes suddenly widened and then narrowed.

—Page 201.

There was something anguished in the amber eyes of young Van Steed.

—Page 211.

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BOOKS

Various Conquerors



THE Soviet historian Eugene Tarlé ends his book "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia, 1812" with the following paragraph of mild admonition:

"Read the history of Russia, it is a very useful occupation!" the late German publicist Maximilian Harden urgently advised his compatriots in 1918, when the Germans so successfully (so it seemed to them) spread over the Ukraine, the Crimea, the Caucasus. He greatly feared the results of this invasion, but the Berlin military censorship did not permit him to express himself more clearly. This advice would be very useful to our neighbors even now.

Very useful indeed, though one is glad to reflect that Hitler is probably too occupied to busy himself with this account of the near success and final downfall of his great predecessor's Russian campaign. It is a book that makes absorbing reading these days, as does Tolstoy's "War and Peace," of which it is the military-historical analogue. It is absorbing partly because of the parallels the reader cannot help drawing (except for the quoted paragraph, Tarlé himself makes no reference to the present war) and partly because to my knowledge we have not had a purely Russian historical interpretation of Napoleon's 1812 campaign. This is such an interpretation, and an extraordinarily interesting one.

Tarlé makes clear that the invasion was the most frankly imperialist of all Napoleon's campaigns. Because of its imperialist character, it begot in reaction a movement of national liberation, similar to that which, vis-à-vis the Japanese, has been taking place in China and will assuredly develop in India. It was the national character of the Russian resistance, symbolized in the tremendous figure of General Kutuzov, that defeated Napoleon; the vast spaces, the cold, the failure of the French supply lines were merely auxiliary weapons. Tarlé is especially effective in his description of the forms popular militancy took—the partisan bands, the scorched-earth policy, the refusal of all classes to deal in any way with the invader. Napoleon himself must have had an inkling of what he was really up

against as he watched Moscow burning and muttered, "What savage determination! What a people! What a people!"

Military history is generally pretty dull. Tarlé's book, though it has its pedestrian passages, is an exception. Based on correspondence heretofore inaccessible to historians, it draws fresh pictures of Napoleon, Alexander, and Kutuzov; it exposes the intrigues of the English, who wanted Russia to win the war because it would help British commerce—intrigues the subtle Kutuzov saw through and frustrated; it offers a new and terrible account of the suffering and ruin of the Grand Army and its allies. On the whole, disheartening reading for the German General Staff.

The translation, by "G. M.," seems adequate. It is without elegance or force,

but then Tarlé is not a writer with any particular gift of style.

READING "Don Pedro and the Devil," by Edgar Maass, is like eating an unfileted fish. The backbone fulfills the function of holding the flesh together, but it is indigestible and a nuisance all the same. As you read Mr. Maass's 634-page historical novel, you keep plying your knife and fork in order to clear away the bony structure, which, though it holds the story together, is indeed indigestible and similarly something of a nuisance. In other words, the plot of the book is a mere hindrance, but its pageantry is extraordinary. If you can manage to keep your eye on the pageantry, you may count on several hours of exciting reading.

As for this plot, it concerns one Don



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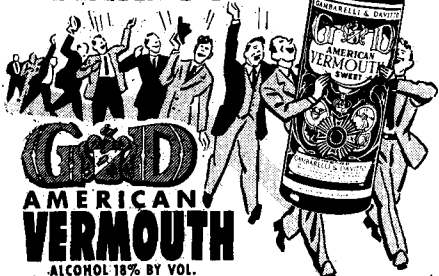
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Pedro, a young Spanish adventurer related to the Sforzas; his youthful experiences in his native Cordova, including a brush with the Inquisition (we're in the first half of the sixteenth century); his decision to win the beautiful Isabella by carving out a kingdom in the New World; his conquest of that kingdom with the Pizarros in Peru; his return to Spain, where he learns that the highly moral Isabella, apprised of his bloody exploits, will have none of him; and the manner in which he undergoes a moral regeneration and wins the girl.

As both Pedro and Isabella are paste-board figures, the plot involving them is of remote interest. What is really worth your attention (and I shouldn't be surprised if the author secretly feels the same way) is the boldly colored world in which Pedro makes his nerveless and forgettable gestures. In this world Mr. Maass seems completely at home, whether it be Don Carlos' glittering Spain, crazed by the glitter of gold, racked by the Inquisition, at times uplifted by the dying remnants of an older chivalric ideal, or the New World of Cortés and the Pizarros, a land of blood and terror, agonizing in the totalitarian grip of the conquistadors.

Mr. Maass, whose name is new to me, commands a fine, old-fashioned rhetorical style, well suited to the projection of sharply profiled figures like Don Carlos, the mad Queen Juana, the terrific Pizarro brothers, the alchemist Cornelius Agrippa, the truly Christian Bartolomé de las Casas, and the superb Inca Emperor Atahualpa. Each of these becomes in turn the focus of a luridly lit dramatic scene, and the scenes follow each other with remarkable variety and incessant liveliness, though with little organic connection.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, by Elswyth Thane. A modern love story, in which the author introduces all the old hokum: tall, dark, handsome hero, of irreproachable family, with an income beyond what he earns as a scientist, and also handy with an accordion; irresistible heroine, a successful night-club singer with a slight past. Happily for the reader, it is the old hokum freshly put together, witty as well as smart, tender as well as sentimental, clever as well as glib. A streamlined job, in fact, recommended for early-spring blues.

NOW AND ON EARTH, by Jim Thompson. An outspoken hard-luck story

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laid in San Diego. Pop is crazy, Mom has varicose veins, the two girls are loose but good-natured, and Jim, the son, has to support all of them and his own wife and kids too. By profession a writer, he gets a job in an airplane factory (some very nice technical scenes here) and tries to work things out, but the cards are stacked against him. First-rate character study, and some family quarrels right out of James Farrell.

SALUTE TO THE HERO, by Constance Robertson. An unvarnished tale of a nineteenth-century hero who is all fake, being a liar, a cold-blooded cheat, a coward, and a murderer. He cuts short a promising career in the diplomatic service to become a general in the Civil War and a grateful country eventually raises a monument to him. As a story of how a clever but unscrupulous man can pull the wool over the eyes of his fellow-citizens, this is interesting, but the General is almost too much of a scoundrel to be credible.

THE PINK EGG, by Polly Boyden. An allegorical bird story. The robins are upper crust and proud, the aggressive jays are policemen, the sparrows are the bird proletariat and stage a revolution, and so on. Pleasant, not too deep, and now and then labored.

GENERAL

THE HOUSE IN THE RAIN FOREST, by Charis Crockett. The author, who is an anthropologist, and her husband lived for some months among a tribe of cheerful, recently reformed cannibals in Dutch New Guinea, measuring their skulls with calipers, listening to their folk tales, and teaching them the Viennese waltz. So human, amusing, and neatly told that you may hardly notice what sound popular anthropology it is. Photographs.

BLUE RIDGE COUNTRY, by Jean Thomas. Flora and fauna of the southern Alleghenies, the Cumberland, and the Blue Ridge: Daniel Boone, the feudists, ballads, riddles, and such, but also the new day of modern schools, juke boxes, TVA, and the Hatfields marrying McCoy's. A well-written and ingratiating volume in the American Folkways series.

THE AXIS GRAND STRATEGY, compiled and edited by Ladislav Farago under the auspices of the Committee for National Morale. Total war straight from the horse's mouth: the collected opinions of German military

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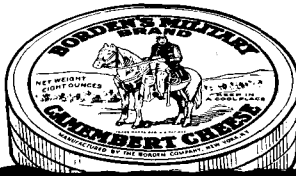


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technicians, psychologists, political thinkers, and so on, from Clausewitz to Hitler, with intelligent though not always well-organized introductions and notes by the editor and his staff. A grimly impressive, fairly technical exposition of how the Germans worked out the theory, plans, and practice of unlimited aggression.

LATIN AMERICA, by Preston E. James. A University of Michigan scientist gives us what appears to be a definitive one-volume social geography of the West Indies and the areas south of the Rio Grande. Nearly a thousand pages of data on the relation of population to climate, land use, resources, etc., in the several regions and countries. New-style scholarship, and attractively written, too. Many maps and photographs.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE OF THE UNITED STATES, by Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy and Lieutenant Hodding Carter. A rapid survey of the broad field of civilian war activities, from plane-spotting to consumer information centres, plus some detailed background data. Should be helpful if you haven't found your niche yet. Bibliography.

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY, by Lajos Egri. The usual jargon ("premise," "character," "conflict"), but presented with more insight, clarity, and concreteness than the conventional manual offers. Won't teach you how to write a play but will help you to determine why the ones you see are so dismal.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER R.F.D., by Herman Petersen. A man is gored to death by a bull in a rural district of New York State. Doc Miller and the narrator, Ben Wayne, gentleman farmer, hesitate to suspect that murder is afoot until another man is found dead, a bullet in his brain. Simple, straightforward tale, told with great humor.

The marriage of Deneise Veltman, San Antonio, Texas, and Samuel F. Test, this city, is announced today. They met as social security workers, Miss Veltman in Baltimore and Mr. Test in Akron.

—*Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator.*

Sounds secure but hardly social.

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[From the Times]

Miss L— died in 1913 during the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Battle of Gettysburg, to which she was not invited.



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